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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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"YOU CAN FOOL SOME OF THE PEOPLE ALL THE TIME."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 30, 1897.

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SENATOR MORGAN is home from the Sandwich Islands at last, and is sure not only that Hawaii is to be annexed, but that it is certain to become a State. Some kinds of ideas grow as fast as other weeds in the warm climate of the Pacific.

THE State Board of Canvassers of New Jersey, after counting the vote on the proposed anti-gambling constitutional amendment, declares it carried by a majority of 802. New Jersey, therefore, is not to be at the mercy of horse-racing gamblers, as was feared on the first returns; but the small total vote still illustrates the indifference of the people to public questions, and to that extent is an argument against the referendum.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE has emerged from jackets and appeals now to youth. It is not to be a weekly any longer. From now on it is to be issued once a month, and it is to be a magazine devoted to stories, travel, and sport. In its new form it will be considerably enlarged, so that it will hold bigger and better departments, more stories of more various kinds, and larger instalments of serials. One reason for these changes in the ROUND TABLE is to make more feasible its simultaneous publication in New York and London. It is felt that British youth should have it, and have it promptly, especially as there is no periodical in England that fills quite the same field. There is no prejudice in England against the American magazines—as has been amply demonstrated there for many years by the success and popularity of HARPER'S MONTHLY. What suits American readers suits English readers of the same class. It is expected that the ROUND TABLE in its new form will suit both, and, keeping its old friends and making new ones, may entertain all who like romance, sports, adventure, and honest ideals.

THE clever diplomat who writes for *Figaro* under the pen-name of Whist, and who is thoroughly informed on the tendency of thought in the French ministry, bids this country to be wary in interfering between Spain and Cuba, because France and other European countries have American colonies, and they will not assent to the assertion of our right to interfere in the purely domestic concerns of colonial administration. BISMARCK also sounds his note of warning, and says that the MONROE doctrine is an impertinence. It seems to us that the government of the United States has been more than wary in its treatment of the Cuban problem, and that it has been more than kind to Spain. When it comes time for us to act, interference will probably be recognized as our duty by all impartial statesmen, and it is not likely that we shall ask permission of the French holders of Spanish bonds. As to BISMARCK, he is somewhat late. Great Britain, whose interests in America are much larger than those of any other European government, has already recognized the validity of the MONROE doctrine. Moreover, it required either extreme old age or great temerity on the part of the master-spirit of the Berlin Treaty to speak of our mild assumption of rights on this continent as an impertinence.

ALTHOUGH Mr. MCKINLEY is hesitating about taking an aggressive attitude on the question of currency reform, Mr. GAGE, the Secretary of the Treasury, has formulated a plan, which is defective in its failure to provide for the retirement of the greenbacks, and because it continues the present system of banking on national securities. It provides for a refunding of all the remaining debt in two and a half per cent. gold bonds, and for an accumulation of gold by the sale of such bonds for the redemption of all outstanding paper money. This paper money, thus redeemed, is not to be permanently retired, however, although it is not to be paid out again by the Treasury Department for anything but gold. It is suggested that the national bank law be changed to permit the issue of notes to the par value of the bonds deposited by them, and that the ten per cent. tax be repealed. Mr. GAGE has changed his mind as to the practicability of retiring greenbacks, and although he is in favor of their withdrawal, he abandons the idea because some of the politicians are opposed to it. While legislation is not to be expected on this subject from this Congress, agitation should proceed, and Mr. MCKINLEY, it seems to us, is underestimating the value of keeping the subject stirred up unless he intends to do no more for currency reform at the coming session of Congress than he has done for bimetallism during the vacation.

THE interest in the municipal campaign in New York is general throughout the country, and the contest excites the attention of students of municipal government everywhere. It is a contest, pure and simple, between the interests of the metropolis on the one side, and the selfish and corrupt interests of individuals on the other side. Under such a form of government as we possess it ought to be the presumption that a large majority of citizens prefer the candidates whose election would mean a municipal government devoted to the city's interests, under which the streets would be kept clean, the sanitary condition of the city maintained and promoted, the means of transportation the best that modern invention has devised, the influence of great corporations no greater than that of the humblest citizen, the assessment of property fair and equal, the revenues honestly and effectively expended, the police force willing, courteous, fearless, and pure, the city courts real temples of justice in which all men would be equal. It is government of this kind for which the ticket headed by Mr. LOW stands. As we have said before, it is an ideal ticket. Never before in New York, or in any other city whose officers are chosen by the people, has a better ticket been nominated. We doubt if so good a city ticket was ever nominated. It really means all that it professes. In short, Mr. LOW's election would mean a more comfortable city and a happier community.

AGAINST this ticket the city has Tammany's candidates. The issue is between the Citizens' Union and this old and well-known organized corruption. Every one who does not vote for Mr. LOW votes, directly or indirectly, for Mr. VAN WYCK, who is, confessedly, the mask for CROKER. The pretorians of Tammany are clamoring for the spoils, and they are eager to restore their old "boss" in order that the municipality may be governed for their benefit and for their profit. Instead of the kind of government that New York would have if the Citizens' Union succeeded and Mr. LOW were elected, we should have such a government as that which was revealed by the testimony taken before the LEXOW committee. Mr. ASA BIRD GARDINER, the Tammany candidate for District Attorney, is reported to have said, in a public speech, which appeared to be reported stenographically for the *World*, "To Hell with Reform." He denies that he made this deliverance, but the sentiment is as congenial to Tammany as GRADY'S threat that the "organization" would get rid of WARING as soon as it came into power. Reform has at least given to New York a police force that does not sell its own manhood and the administration of the law by blackmailing fallen women, liquor-dealers, and gamblers; it has given the poor man who has no "pull" an even footing with all the rest of the world in the courts; it has so changed these courts and so weakened the "pull" itself that men who, under Tammany rule, were forced to seek justice as a favor and through the influence of the "boss," may now retain their self-respect by demanding it as a right; it has cleaned all the streets, and improved the health and comfort of the city. This is what Tammany wants to destroy. It wants a government that will enable its "bosses" and its "boys" to run the city for their own profit. It wants toll levied on law-breakers for the enrichment of the leaders, for the replenishing, for example, of CROKER'S purse, for the increase and improvement of his English stud, for the gilding that is essential to him in London. A filthy and law-defying city would be the consequence of a Tammany victory—a city that would once more shame every decent man and woman doomed to dwell in it.

IT is for such a government that PLATT also is working. Mr. TRACY, who is busily disgracing himself in PLATT'S interest, has practically confessed during the week that he has no thought of being elected, and that he believes that his own and Mr. LOW'S candidacies must result in the triumph of Tammany. He spoke in Brooklyn of the hopelessness of the struggle against Tammany with the forces of the opposition divided. He was referring to a time, before his nomination, when the Republican "boss" was pretending to desire the defeat of Tammany. At that time PLATT was willing to defeat Tammany if he could have induced the Citizens' Union to unite with him in nominating a creature of his own, like District-Attorney OLCOTT. But when he found the Citizens' Union really meant to do its utmost to secure good government, he resolved to bring about a Tammany triumph. He lives on political corruption, and he languishes under virtuous government. He knows that he cannot trade with a LOW government, but that he may renew the old bipartisan corruption which prevailed in the days before LEXOW'S committee inadvertently revealed PLATT and CROKER sitting in friendly embrace up to their necks in the mud of municipal corruption. Whoever votes for Mr. TRACY next week will vote for the restoration of CROKER'S fortunes, and for the renewal of this old partnership. If Mr. TRACY were not a candidate, some of the Republican votes that will now, perhaps, be given to him would go to VAN WYCK, but the bulk of the vote would be cast for Mr. LOW. A man like Mr. BLISS, for instance, may be willing to help CROKER indirectly, and may be persuaded in some way to make it appear that this sound-money administration is for the Bryanite VAN WYCK, but he does not possess the temerity to openly support Tammany and its "boss." Thousands of other Republicans are being hoodwinked into voting for bad city government by the pretence that PLATT cares for principle, and that party regularity is of more importance than character. Mr. GEORGE'S candidacy is much more respectable than Mr. TRACY'S, for it represents principles, and a protest against the Tammany machine rule which has at last so brutalized the members of the organization that they are the willing slaves of a horse-racer who lives in England for gambling purposes. Mr. GEORGE'S friends ought to be supporting Mr. LOW; but if they cannot do that, the next best thing for them to do is to fight Tammany.

THE MOVEMENT FOR RECIPROCITY.

MR. JOHN A. KASSON, who has been appointed by the President as a special commissioner to arrange reciprocal customs treaties with foreign powers, is one of the few trained diplomats in the country. It is not only because he has had a larger and more varied experience than any other American now in public life that he is better equipped for the task of international negotiation, but because the bent of his mind has led him, a man of scholarly tastes in many directions, to study very closely both the history and the methods of diplomacy. The opportunity has not been given to many Americans as it has to Mr. KASSON, in the later days of the republic, to serve their country at many foreign posts, and wherever Mr. KASSON has served he has won distinction.

The policy of reciprocity is one that ought to have the loyal support of the opponents of the false philosophy of protection. In itself it is a recognition by the protectionists that foreign commerce is not wholly dangerous to the welfare of the country, and, to that extent, it is a sign of loss of confidence in the commercial value of national self-sufficiency. In the last fourteen years the doctrine of protection has been carried to its logical conclusion, so far as statutes can be thus effective. Taxes upon imports have been heaped upon whatever we finally consume, and, in the latest achievement of mediæval economics, upon nearly all the material that goes into our domestic manufactures. The attempt to give to a few of our own citizens all the possible profits of manufacturing, at the cost of the many, has been tried most expensively. The annual charge has amounted to hundreds of millions of dollars. That the attempt has been a failure is clear to every mind that is not clouded by the political or partisan value of the protection side of the tariff issue. Protection has burdened the farmer without giving him the home market that it promised; it has despoiled the wage-earner, so that his higher wage, which is his by reason of the natural conditions of the country, brings him less of comfort than the lower wage paid in wiser countries; it has enriched a few manufacturers, but, on the whole, it has been disastrous even to its supposed beneficiaries; and it has ruined our foreign commerce and our carrying trade. Its political and moral consequences have been even more disastrous than its economic failures and blunders. It has filled Congress with the agents of manufacturing interests, and it has diverted legislation from being an instrumentality for the general welfare into a means for private gain. The men who theoretically have been chosen to enact laws for the better government of the country, in reality have become the servants of private greed, and have misused the powers granted them for the good of all, for the purpose of taxing all for the

benefit of the few. The consequence has been corrupt as well as tyrannical legislation. Besides this—and perhaps it is the most deplorable of all the results of protective tariff legislation—the country has been taught that it is one of the functions of government to provide for the comfort and welfare of individuals, so that since the Republican party adopted Mr. McKinley's idea that taxes may be levied directly for protection, revenue being a mere incident, the prevailing tariff policy of the country has bred socialism, and is directly responsible for the vagaries of the Ocala platform, and for all the dangerous social and political heresies, including the demand of the mine-owners for the protection of silver, represented last year by the candidacy of Bryan.

In advocating the policy of reciprocity treaties Mr. Blaine came nearer to sound statesmanship than in any other conception of his long career. It was clear to him that something had to be done to mitigate the rigors of the system which, under the direction and fostering care of his own party, had grown to such monstrous proportions. The form, however, in which reciprocity was provided for in the McKinley act was most unfortunate. The President was authorized to levy duties on sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides coming from countries which, in his opinion, imposed "duties or other exactions upon the agricultural or other products of the United States, which, in view of the free introduction of such sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides into the United States, he may deem unequal and unreasonable." In other words, the President was authorized to compel countries whose products were already admitted free into this country to lower their duties on our products under pain of a fine in the form of a duty imposed both on the producers of such products in the foreign country and on the consumers in our own country.

Absurd as this provision was, trade increased with the countries which made concessions to the United States. It is true that the increase was not great; it was not so great as it had been under the previous tariff act. But it must be remembered that the years from 1890 to 1894 were years of depression, and that the years from 1886 to 1890 were years of prosperity. During the earlier period our imports from the reciprocity countries increased 24.73 per cent., and our exports increased 40.22 per cent. In the four years during which the McKinley act was in force the increase in our imports was 28.62 per cent., but in our exports the increase was only 22.78 per cent. That there was any increase whatever is the more remarkable in view of the fact that the total volume of foreign commerce conducted by the United States fell off about $100,000,000 between 1890 and 1894.

In place of the awkward provision of 1890, which empowered the President to drive South American countries into forced discriminations in favor of our farmers and manufacturers, we have a more rational act, and although it authorizes a very feeble advance in aid of foreign commerce, every little gain in this direction that comes from the protectionists ought to be gratefully accepted. The new law contemplates a possible small reduction of tariff taxation on argol or crude tartar, or wine lees, crude, on wines, spirits, and vermuth, and on paintings and statuary, if the countries producing and exporting them, or any of them, to us, shall make a treaty or concessions reducing their customs taxes on the products of this country. The section of the law is broad enough to warrant the President in reducing duties on French and German wines and works of art in return for what he may consider to be "reciprocal and equivalent" treatment of the American hog.

As we have said, this is not a great gain, but it is something, and it is something more to obtain this recognition from the protectionists not only of the value of foreign commerce, but of the fact that it is inevitable, and that the effort to obstruct it has probably gone quite up to, if not beyond, the danger-point. Under the Wilson act the country had a reminder that our manufacturing industries are not all of them infantile or imbecile. When our carpet-manufacturers sold their wares in England, when our cottons were found in the shops of Manchester, when American hardware could be bought in London, when American drills were working the diamond-mines in South Africa, when our exports of manufactured goods increased from 1894 to 1896, the years during which the Wilson law operated, from $183,728,808 to $228,571,178, some persons who had always been protectionists were greatly benefited by foreign trade. These facts indicate, perhaps, the reason why we find a provision for increasing such trade in the most highly protective tariff law that Congress ever enacted.

Therefore, although the provision for reciprocity treaties is merely a scratch on the surface, so inconsiderable, so halting, so lame, so impotent that it may well excite derision, we are inclined to urge Mr. Kasson to diligence in his undertaking, and to hope for him all the small success that the law permits. It is true that Mr. Kasson is not much of a protectionist himself—at least he was not fifteen years ago—but he represents the party of protection, and it is a sign of great promise when such a party begins to open port-holes in the Chinese wall with which it has surrounded us. The trade that gets through may be small, but the enlightenment will be astounding.

THE BLINDNESS OF PARTY SPIRIT.

There could hardly be a more striking illustration of the benumbing influence exercised by party spirit upon the reasoning faculty of otherwise sensible minds than is furnished by the municipal campaign at present going on in Greater New York. That Boss Platt on one and Boss Croker on the other side should sternly insist upon the obligation of every party man to vote the straight party ticket from top to bottom, no matter how the nominations were made, and that they should predict dreadful things in case their party tickets were defeated, is perfectly intelligible. The unreasoning obedience of their cohorts is the bulwark of their strength, failing which the dictatorship of the bosses would soon lose its footing. It is equally intelligible that the sworn henchmen of the bosses, who feed at their crib, should insist upon strict party allegiance as the primary virtue of the citizen, for their political, and usually also their material, existence depends upon the favor of the bosses, which, in its turn, depends upon the success with which they keep their subordinate commands in strict discipline. But that party men who, being neither bosses nor heelers, have no other interest in their parties than the accomplishment of certain public objects to be brought about by organized effort should doggedly follow the behests of the party bosses, even when the slightest reflection must convince them that by doing so they not only do not serve the public interest but will hurt the true interests of their respective parties, can be explained only on the ground that the mere name of party exercises upon their minds a dangerously confusing fascination.

The Democratic party is represented in this campaign mainly by Tammany Hall. The thorough-paced Tammany man, who in the event of a Tammany victory expects to have some of the pelf, or whose moral sense has been utterly blunted by long connection with that organization of political pirates, will follow the drum-beat of Tammany in obedience either to a motive of unscrupulous greed or to the force of brutish habit. But there are to-day thousands of Democrats in New York who would not participate in the robberies and blackmailing operations which a victorious Tammany would be sure to commit; Democrats who were keenly offended in their moral sensibilities as well as in their party pride by such doings of Tammany in the past, and will be equally offended by them in the future; Democrats who sincerely wish their party to be honest and respectable, and guided by high-minded and statesmanlike leadership. Such Democrats know that Tammany Hall has for many years been a stench in the nostrils of the whole nation. They know that the noisome reputation of Tammany Hall, which appeared as the "regular" Democratic organization of New York, has in many elections cost the Democratic party untold thousands of votes. They know that for this reason Tammany has repeatedly been treated with signal contempt by Democratic National Conventions. They know that the disappearance of Tammany Hall from public view, and the substitution for it of a decent organization, would relieve the Democratic party in its national capacity of an almost unbearable burden. They know, finally, that Tammany Hall by its recent nominations has proved itself utterly unregenerate and incorrigible; that if put into power over the municipality of Greater New York, with its enormous expenditures and its almost unlimited opportunities for fraud, peculation, and extortion, Tammany will inevitably give full rein to its unscrupulous rapacity, produce a new and a greater crop of shocking scandals, and furnish an exemplification of boss rule in its most repulsive form.

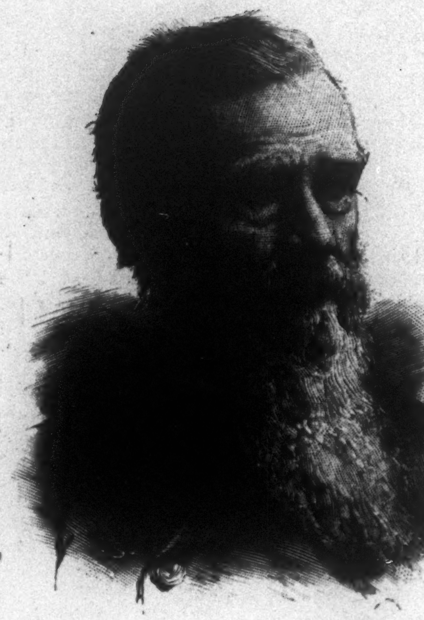
It would seem that with such a state of things before his eyes every honest and sensible Democrat, having the true interests not only of the city but of his party, at heart, would gladly avail himself of any opportunity to relieve the Democracy of this terrible incubus, or at least to prevent for the future the sickening exhibitions of depravity which, by their reflex upon the party at large, have injured the Democracy so much in the past. It is hardly credible that in spite of all these obvious considerations there should still be self-respecting Democrats, in all other things men of sound sense, now willing to give Tammany for four years free range in Greater New York to do its very worst. And for what reason are they willing to do this incredible thing? Because, as they say, the Mayor of Greater New York should be "a Democrat." And thus, to do homage to the party *name*—for they certainly would not admit that Tammany Hall embodies the substance of Democracy—they recklessly sacrifice not only the interest of the city, but the true interest of their party itself. This is party spirit run mad.

On the Republican side we observe similar symptoms of partisan dementia. The Republicans won their majority for McKinley in this city last fall through a combination of forces against Bryanism. As any sane person could have told them, the vote of last fall did not at all mean that the city had become Republican in a party sense. The thought that the allies of the Republicans against Bryanism would permit themselves to be used for Republican partisan ends, and especially for the support of Boss Platt's dictatorship, was simply preposterous. Had the Republicans as such accepted the principle of non-partisanship for the municipal government of Greater New York, the alliance might in a great measure, for this occasion, have been maintained. As soon as the Republican organization refused to do this, some of the allies of last year returned to their former party affiliation, while the bulk of them, re-enforced by a large number of the most respectable Republicans of the city and their following, rallied to the non-partisan banner with Seth Low as their leader. The Republican party in this city then relapsed into its old state of a minority again, but now a minority made still smaller in this municipal campaign by the loss of thousands of its most respectable members, who have turned against its narrow-minded partisan course.

But more than in point of numbers it has lost in point of position. It appears no longer as the enemy of Tammany Hall, but as its auxiliary. Weakened as the Republican organization is, there is not a shadow of a hope that its candidate for Mayor, Mr. Tracy, can be elected. Every candid observer will figure that out. Every canvass shows it. Not only has the Republican organization received no accession to its ordinary strength, but that strength is seriously reduced below the ordinary state. Whoever may be elected, the defeat of the Republican candidate is absolutely sure. All the Republican campaign can effect is to keep enough votes away from Mr. Low to secure the success of Tammany Hall. This must be, and undoubtedly is, so clear to the Republican leaders themselves that they have no right to complain if they are charged with a deliberate purpose to bring about just that result. In fact, their newspapers as well as their orators direct their main attacks not against Tammany, but against Seth Low. The country knows this. Almost all the Republican papers that have any influence in moulding public opinion are already declaring that the Republican organization of New York will be responsible if Tammany succeeds.

This may be a matter of indifference to Boss Platt, who prefers Tammany to Low, because with Tammany he can trade, while with Low he cannot. But how is it possible that self-respecting Republicans, who care for the interests of the city, and also for the moral standing, the good name, and the future prosperity of their party, should support him in so reckless and nefarious a game? As men of sense they cannot indulge in the delusion that Mr. Tracy has the slightest chance of being elected. They must know that Seth Low is the only candidate by whom Tammany Hall can be defeated, and that by supporting Mr. Tracy they are simply playing into Tammany's hands. They must know, further, that by turning over the city to Tammany on this conspicuous occasion they will disgrace themselves as Republicans in the eyes of the whole nation; that by such conduct they will render combinations of forces like that which last year carried this city for McKinley immeasurably more difficult in the future, and that they will thus blight their prospects for an indefinite time. And what can they hope to accomplish by such a course? To weaken Bryanism or to promote any of the Republican policies? Surely a Tammany victory would do neither one thing nor the other. No, in thus making themselves the auxiliaries of Tammany Hall, the representative of piratical government, they will only have the satisfaction of voting a ticket labelled "Republican." That is all. They will thus disgrace and weaken their party for party's sake. It is difficult to imagine a blindness of party spirit more dense and mischievous. Carl Schurz.

GEORGE M. PULLMAN.



REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN LORIMER WORDEN, U.S.N.

REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN LORIMER WORDEN, U.S.N.

REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN LORIMER WORDEN, United States navy (retired), who died in Washington on October 18, achieved an international reputation and earned the lively gratitude of his countrymen by the energy and skill with which he commanded the original *Monitor* in her memorable action with the *Merrimac*. This duel of the ironclads is one of the great historic sea actions, and its result relieved a situation filled with possibilities of the gravest evil for the Union cause.

The principal sea actor in this valorous drama was born in Sing Sing, New York, March 12, 1818, and was on January 10, 1834, appointed a midshipman in the navy from Fishkill, Dutchess County. Worden took up his new work in the time-honored grooves, performing the usual routine duties of his profession, serving in junior grades on the Brazil, Mediterranean, Pacific, and home stations, and finally achieving the grade of Lieutenant in 1846, twelve years after entrance. During the Mexican war he was again employed on the Pacific station, and then in various duties afloat and ashore up to the threatened outbreak of the war of the rebellion.

This found him executive officer of the frigate *Savannah*, attached to the home squadron; but on April 6, 1861, he reported, in obedience to orders, at Washington, "for special duty connected with the discipline and efficiency of the naval service." Whatever may have been this enigmatic detail, it evidently was not congenial, for he asked to be relieved of it at once, and the next day applied for service at sea in some one of the more or less incongruous vessels then being assembled for projected work in Southern waters. He had had a great deal of valuable experience afloat, and must by this time have commended himself, as many quiet unassuming men do, to the good graces of his senior officers. It is true he is nowhere personally mentioned, probably because no especial opportunities for distinction had hitherto offered; but in his twenty-seven years' service he had acquired such a reputation for energy, trustworthiness, and tact, that when in those parlous days "a difficult, perhaps a dangerous, journey" had to be performed, Worden was selected.

At this time the government was sorely disturbed by the failure of certain officers to seize and garrison important strategic points on the Gulf and Atlantic coasts; and as a question of policy relating to this had been substituted for action by a reference to Washington, Worden was instructed to go South by rail and direct the senior officer off Pensacola to re-enforce Fort Pickens. Upon his arrival at the coast, Worden had to solicit permission from General Bragg, commanding the Confederates, to visit the flag-ship *Sabine*, then lying off shore and well out. While this was granted on the understanding that he had no written despatches, Worden made it very plain that he had verbal instructions; but this was considered so unimportant that after a violent gale had partly subsided he communicated with the fleet outside. As Fort Pickens was immediately strengthened, Worden, upon his return, was seized by the very angry Bragg, and sent to Montgomery, where he remained a prisoner until exchanged in November.

At this time there was under construction at Greenpoint, New York, a nondescript iron-clad craft which owed its inception to the masterful genius of Ericsson, and its possibility of existence to several patriotic gentlemen, whose faith in the inventor was emphasized by their lavish expenditure of money. Luckily for Worden, his temperament did not wed him to the traditional and conventional, and he had so few hard-and-fast objections to a craft that was as unlike the sea fabrics of his experience as mind could well imagine, that he accepted its offered command.

Work was pushed on her expeditiously, and in this he was ably seconded by that fine officer and chivalrous gentleman Lieutenant S. Dana Greene, whose untimely loss later the whole service mourned. But the Confederates had been valorous in their well-doing, and when, on the 8th of March, 1862, the *Merrimac*, flying the broad pennant of Commodore Buchanan, advanced to the attack off Newport News, she had in company two small steamers, the *Raleigh* and *Beaufort*, and within signal distance three other vessels, mounting in all fifteen guns. The Federal squadron was anchored in two divisions, the steam-frigates *Roanoke* and *Minnesota* and the sailing-frigate *St. Lawrence* off Fortress Monroe, and the frigate *Congress* and the sloop-of-war *Cumberland*—the glorious *Cumberland* of deathless memory—off Newport News. These latter were first attacked, and fast and furious and desperate was the fighting.

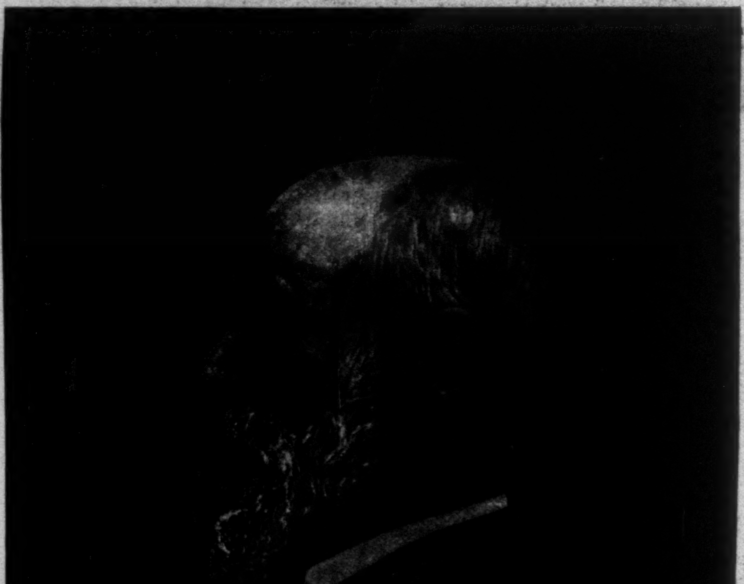
The story of that disastrous day is too well known for repetition, but the results were the loss of the *Cumberland* and *Congress* and the grounding of the *Minnesota*. The attack on this last occupied the closing hours of the day, but as she could bring only one 11-inch gun to bear, her capture was deemed so certain that the Confederates anchored for the night under Sewalls Point.

The gloom of the country and of the fleet was lightened about nine that night by the rumor that the mysterious ironclad *Monitor* had arrived in Hampton Roads; and this was cheering news, surely, for what could be more opportune or welcome than an accession which might give battle on something like even terms? Early the next forenoon the action was renewed. It resolved itself largely into a duel between the two ironclads, the main efforts of the Federal steamer being to protect the *Minnesota*, against which the attack had been previously directed. Ramming was tried by both sides, but without effect, and the projectiles of that day dropped as harmlessly from the casemates of one as from the turret of the other. The battle raged all the forenoon, and in the end, as neither missiles nor ramming seemed to affect the new ally of the sorely stricken fleet, the Confederates withdrew. Buchanan had been wounded the day before, and the *Merrimac* was then in command of Lieutenant-Commander Jones. Shortly before the end of the fight Worden was badly wounded in the face by the flame and powder-dust of a shell which exploded just outside the sight-hole of his pilot-house, and the command, well and ably sustained, devolved upon Lieutenant Greene.

The enthusiasm of the country was rampant. Worden received the thanks of Congress by name, and was advanced a grade—both rare distinctions, that lucklessly rarely fall to naval officers in these ill-begotten days. When he recovered from his painful wounds sufficiently to do duty—he never recovered entirely from the effects of that bursting shell—Worden was assigned to inspection work in New York, and subsequently he destroyed, under particularly creditable circumstances, the celebrated Confederate privateer *Nashville*. In 1866 he went back to his old station—the Pacific—in command of the *Pensacola*, and in 1868 he was promoted to the grade of Commodore. He exercised later many important commands and duties; was made a Rear-Admiral in 1872, and at his own request—for by virtue of his thanks from Congress his time on the active list was extended ten years—he was in December, 1886, placed on the retired list.

Such, briefly sketched, is the career of a man who made history—to whom was given the privilege of asserting the supremacy of the new over the old; and who, in the very nick of time, found himself in circumstances where his energy and promptitude redounded to the honor and well-being of his native land. He served his country for over sixty years, and he passes into the honored traditions of his profession with the reputation of a good officer who earned and deserved the gratitude of the people.

J. D. JERROLD KELLEY.



CHARLES ANDERSON DANA.—[SEE PAGE 1075.]

GEORGE M. PULLMAN.

GEORGE MORTIMER PULLMAN, who died suddenly at his home in Chicago on October 19, was typical in many respects of the successful American. He accomplished things. He was self-made. He began life as clerk in a village store at a salary of $40 a year. He ended it a millionaire, known generally as the "palace-car magnate." Between these extremes, and through the various stages which led from the one to the other, his life entered into that of thousands upon thousands in various ways. He made his mark in the world, and in doing so accumulated a fortune of probably more than $30,000,000.

Mr. Pullman was born in Brocton, Chautauqua County, New York, on March 3, 1831. His father was a hard-working mechanic, who had forged ahead a little in life by becoming a mover of buildings. At fourteen George became a clerk in a store at Westfield, New York, and remained there three years. His parents moved to Albion, and George, when seventeen years old, went home to learn cabinet-making. He soon had to become the mainstay of his mother, owing to his father's death. He took up his father's business of moving buildings. The Erie Canal was being enlarged, and young Pullman moved scores of buildings away from its banks. After a while he moved a brick building, and that unheard-of feat was the starting-point of his fortune. It took him to Chicago.

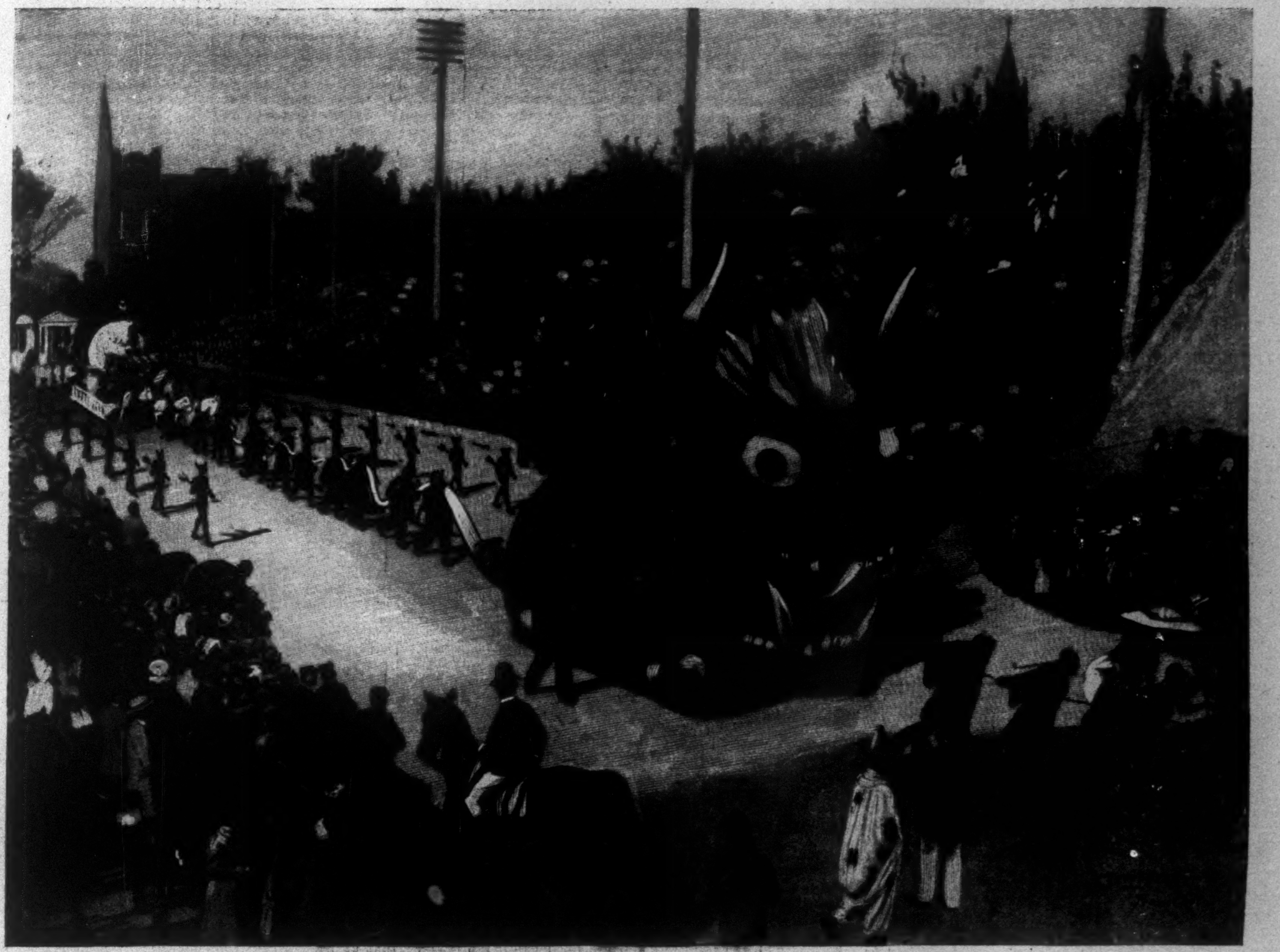
Friends had told Pullman of the task of raising all Chicago about eight feet to admit the making of sewers. He went there and raised the Matteson House, a brick building, without injury to the building or any stoppage of business. After that he had all the work he could do, and became what in those days was called a wealthy man.

Pullman had become acquainted with State Senator Ben Field, of Albion. There was talk at that time of building sleeping-cars. Field and Pullman talked it over. A crude sort of car was put in operation on the Chicago and Alton Railroad. Then Pullman went away to Colorado for three years. After he came back he developed the sleeping-car idea. He built the car "Pioneer," spent $18,000 on it, and at once was started on the high-road to fortune. He had originated something. He built shops, employed thousands, formed a company, whose affairs he managed with consummate skill. Its capital increased from a nominal sum to $20,000,000. It owns at present 2600 cars, operated over 126,000 miles of railroad. All this was accomplished in the years from 1867 to 1897.

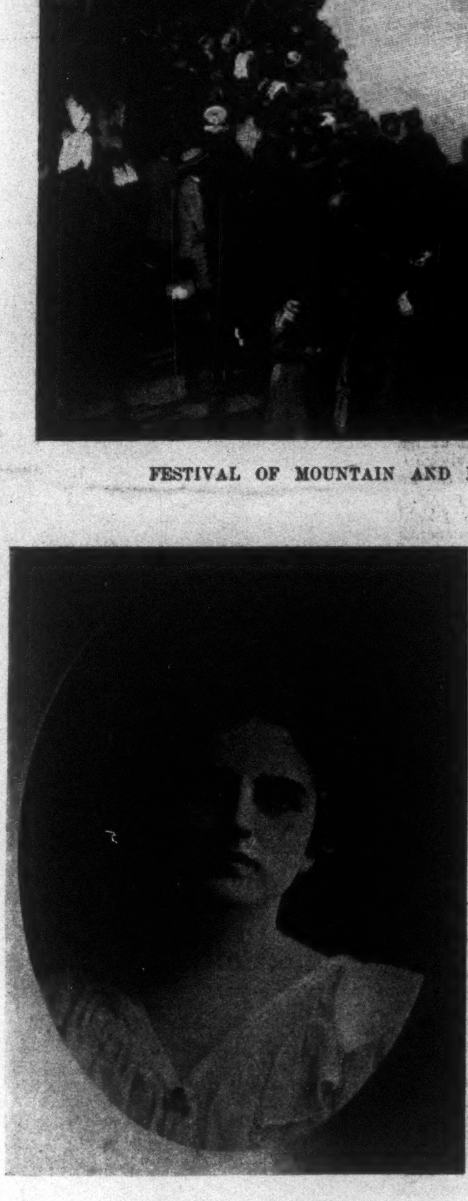
Mr. Pullman did one other notable thing. He built a city for working-men, the town of Pullman, now part of Chicago. He built it for his employees, not as a gift, but as a money-making enterprise. He gave them sunny, healthful homes, good streets, good sanitation, for what they had paid for unattractive homes. It is now a settlement of 15,000 persons, and is still known as a model city for working-men.

Soon after the panic of 1893 the Pullman Company and the town of Pullman felt the hard times seriously. Wages were reduced and many men were out of work. There was a demand for a restoration of wages. It led to the great railroad strike of 1894—a strike that cost the country millions of dollars, and was not ended until Federal troops were sent to stop the rioting.

The cause of Mr. Pullman's death was heart-disease. He leaves a wife, two sons, and two daughters.



FESTIVAL OF MOUNTAIN AND PLAIN AT DENVER, COLORADO—PROCESSION OF OCTOBER 6 PASSING THE GRAND STAND.
AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 1074.]



MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT.

THE DRAMA.

THREE productions, that offer material for contrast, have lately been seen on the New York stage. *The Lady of Lyons* stands, of course, for the very epitome of the old stilted methods of play-writing; and Mrs. Madeline Lucette Ryley's *An American Citizen* and Mr. Franklin Fyles's *Cumberland, '61*, may serve as examples of the methods of to-day. Lovers of Ibsen, of Pinero, and of George Bernard Shaw would indignantly repudiate either Mrs. Ryley or Mr. Fyles as belonging to the "new" school of playwrights; and it is certainly true that both these writers display very little sympathy with realism as realism is generally understood. On the other hand, such dramatists as Pinero and Ibsen, appealing as they do to special audiences, represent no popular movement in the drama. Playwrights like Mrs. Ryley and Mr. Fyles, who make a direct bid for popularity, give, when they achieve success, a clear indication of the condition of the public taste. So it is worth while to take advantage of the opportunity to compare the taste in the drama of to-day with the taste of sixty years ago, when *The Lady of Lyons* first won its extraordinary success.

At the Lyceum Theatre the ridiculous speeches and episodes of Bulwer-Lytton's romance have been followed with a really touching seriousness. Even when, during the first act, Claude Melnotte whimpers and frets, and scolds his poor mother because of his peasant birth, he receives from his hearers a sympathy which even Mr. E. H. Sothern's popularity cannot make quite comprehensible. All considerations of common-sense apart, however, how admirably *The Lady of Lyons* is put together! The first act presents the germ of the story with perfect clearness, and the drama develops it swiftly, coherently, and always interestingly. It is only as you follow it line by line that you see how cheap and false its sentiment is, how absurd are the characterizations and the situations.

The chief interest of the production naturally centred in Mr. Sothern's performance of Claude, a part which, in spite of its poor quality, offers an actor splendid opportunities for the display of versatility and power. Unfortunately, these opportunities served to bring into relief Mr. Sothern's worst faults. His interpretation was sadly deficient in strength, and his delivery of his longer speeches grew painfully monotonous, notably that superb exhibition of lying in which his palace on the Lake of Como is described. Miss Harned, as Pauline, always made a very beautiful picture, and in her quiet moments she played with a charming naturalness. Her stronger scenes, however, overtaxed her, and from a winsome girl she became almost exasperatingly shrewish. The members of the supporting company all did satisfactory work, the costumes were beautiful and appropriate, and the elaborate scenery gave the piece a finer setting than its merits deserved.

In turning from *The Lady of Lyons* to *An American Citizen*, by so popular and so modern a writer as Mrs. Ryley, produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre, one would naturally expect to be transported into the society of beings of a wholly different world. And indeed the contrast at first seems very marked. Mrs. Ryley is nothing if not "smart." Her long experience on the stage has enabled her to write from the actor's point of view, which is, of course, that of producing an effect in the swiftest and the surest manner, and it has also given her an exceedingly useful knowledge of those stage devices which are so important in the more or less artificial creation that every drama must be. She is able, therefore, to construct plays with movement and with cleverly arranged climaxes. When a ready wit and a talent for sparkling dialogue are mentioned among her gifts, it would seem as if Mrs. Ryley possessed all the qualifications that make a good playwright. But skill and humor must have a foundation to work on, and in *An American Citizen* it is in supplying this foundation that Mrs. Ryley shows her weakness, just as she has shown it in previous plays. In building her plot she has chosen one of those situations which for so many years have lain in the storehouse of playwrights and novelists, and which find in *The Lady of Lyons* a conspicuous example. Over all the brightness and the charm of the play hangs the shadow of this absurd artifice. If one could accept Mrs. Ryley's premises, *An American Citizen* would be a thoroughly delightful and even brilliant comedy. But the adventures of the patriotic American citizen, Beresford Cruger, called upon to renounce his country, to change his name to Carew, and to marry within twenty-four hours an Englishwoman whom he hardly knows, in order to gain a legacy and to save his firm from disaster, result simply in dragging the work down to the level of farce. The first act, which transpires in the hero's business office in New York, is admirably executed. The characters as they appear quickly define themselves, the interest is firmly established, and the earlier scenes give promise of a strongly executed play. In spite of the absurdity of the situation developed toward the close, the interest carries over strongly to the second act, where the hero, a year after his marriage and immediate separation from his wife, appears in the carnival at Nice and accidentally meets Mrs. Carew. In the scenes between the two Mrs. Ryley manages, through

BERESFORD CAREW (MR. GOODWIN) AND MRS. CAREW (MISS ELLIOTT) IN "AN AMERICAN CITIZEN," ACT III.

delightful comedy, to show their liking for each other, and to suggest, by many clever touches, its inevitable growth into love. The third act, through a very natural and amusing complication, introduces Carew into his wife's apartments at her hotel in Nice, and here Mrs. Ryley does her most brilliant work. Indeed, few plays produced in this country in recent years have contained scenes and dialogue so humorous and unforced. Moreover, much of the humor serves to strengthen the character-drawing, which is, of course, the highest compliment that could be paid to it.

The last act transfers the hero to London, where, after giving up his fortune, he is living in a garret, poor but "game," and full of confidence in the new stove polish which he is booming. Mrs. Ryley's material seems to have failed her here, for in order to fill out the act she brings on a wholly new interest in the shape of the scrubby boy who builds Carew's fires and runs his errands. The scenes between the two are amusing enough, except during those few moments when Carew becomes almost maudlin in his pathetic efforts to celebrate Christmas eve. Of course his wife, by one of those miracles that are every-day occurrences in the drama, hunts him down, and the piece closes with an exceedingly pretty love scene, which shows that Mrs. Ryley can handle not only humor but sentiment as well. In spite of its faults, it is a thoroughly interesting work, and well worth the attention of those who hope for the creation in this country of a drama of our own. It is by far the best thing Mrs. Ryley has done yet, and it is the play that makes her strongest claim to being taken seriously. If she will only take herself and her work more seriously, if she will choose a simple theme and rely for her material wholly on her own observation of life and character, she will undoubtedly give us one of these days, a genuine comedy of exceptional merit.

As Mrs. Ryley wrote *An American Citizen* for Mr. N. C. Goodwin, it is safe to assume that she adapted the leading character to his abilities, and she deserves credit for having measured him so accurately. It is unfortunate that Mr. Goodwin cannot rid himself of the suggestion of vulgarity in his manner; if he could, he might be a trifle less amusing to his old followers, who have not yet forgiven him for ceasing to be a buffoon, but he would take a much higher position as an artist, and he would win many new admirers. He nearly always tries to be natural, and for this endeavor in an actor the theatre-goer ought to be very grateful. As the American Citizen Mr. Goodwin gave a performance marked by both skill and humor, and free from the least suggestion of exaggeration. He is at his worst when called upon to be pathetic, but fortunately Mrs. Ryley, save in that last act, showed him mercy. Miss Maxine Elliott, as Mrs. Carew, proved that she has made a great advance as an actress since she was last seen here. She has not as yet acquired authority, or added to her wonderful beauty the final grace of dignity of manner, but she played with a great deal of delicacy and with a charming humor.

After enjoying *An American Citizen*, one could feel cheerful in thinking of new American plays, and could look forward with agreeable anticipation to seeing *Cumberland, '61*, a war drama by Mr. Franklin Fyles, a dramatic critic of long experience, recently produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Of course, through long suffering from impossible plots and extravagant, hifalutin dialogue, Mr. Fyles might be expected to write a sane, wholesome play that could be followed with interest and pleasure by intelligent theatre-goers like himself. Perhaps this high expectation added to the disappointment in his drama. Can it be that in all these years Mr. Fyles has been studying not merely what is good on the stage, but what is so bad that it will be sure to be enormously popular? It is hard to believe that Mr. Fyles himself really considers *Cumberland, '61*, a serious piece of writing. He had a great opportunity; he might have chosen from the war legitimately dramatic themes, and woven them into a strong and human play. He preferred, however, to plan a series of noisy episodes, of which a grotesque vendetta was a leading feature, and he has strung them together in a work that contains almost no suggestion of real life and excites laughter when intended to be most impressive. The dialogue is stilted, the attempts to create humor are extremely feeble, and the work has very little to commend it save its skill in technical construction, which, on the whole, is very good. The company contained players worthy of better work, among them W. J. Ferguson, who was altogether admirable.

It would be pleasant, in looking back on the three performances under discussion, to call attention to a great advance in play-writing made since the days when the affectation and the falseness of public taste established *The Lady of Lyons* in favor. But whatever encouragement we may derive from *An American Citizen* is sadly dashed by such a piece as *Cumberland, '61*. As a matter of fact, during the past half-century public taste in the drama has advanced very little. Our drama is pitifully inadequate in its mission of holding the mirror up to nature; our playwrights seem to be actuated by a desire to get as far away from nature as possible. The standards and the intelligence that we apply to the consideration of conduct and of character in daily life become wofully warped when applied to that reflection of life which we are supposed to find in the theatre. Here and there we discover a dramatist who is faithful to the best standards, and, as in Mrs. Ryley's work, we occasionally see excellence accompanying weakness, sincerity united to hollow artificiality. But we have not yet reached the plane where we can afford to laugh at *The Lady of Lyons* and its multitude of companions. JOHN D. BARRY.

A SUCCESSFUL FESTIVAL.

THE success of the third annual Festival of Mountain and Plain has insured the continuance of the festival as one of the established institutions of Denver for all time to come. Numbers of the Western cities have developed a propensity toward a big and elaborate annual frolic, more or less after the pattern of the New Orleans Mardi-gras, but in the fall, after the harvest, instead of in winter. Denver's recent merrymaking lasted three days—October 5, 6, and 7. The whole State of Colorado was implicated in it, and the several counties were represented by floats in the procession, while visitors came from far beyond the State's bounds. The first day there was a great procession representing industrial progress. The second day was all frolic, with processions of maskers, grotesque floats, and miscellaneous levity of all sorts. The third day's show was largely military, and the State troops, the available regulars, and visiting military organizations paraded. It wound up with a night procession, when, in the words of a head-line artist, "the phosphorescent trail of the Silver Serpent laid an iridescent radiance upon the city, and a brilliance that made the stars sneak behind the clouds." The trail led finally to the Broadway Theatre, and there "the wealth and beauty of the State danced with the Silver Serpent's slaves" and had a royal time. It was a festival to be remembered. There were twenty-six bands, and a band tournament. There was a big squad of Indians and a Wild West performance. There were military companies, and competitions for them, and there was a large squad of maids of honor, selected by vote from the counties of the State, who adorned the pageants and danced at the ball. The picture on another page of the WEEKLY, of the procession of the second day passing the grand stand, gives only a dim notion of the exuberance of this lively show. The willingness to take a huge amount of trouble and to spend a good deal of money for annual frolics of this sort is an interesting feature of contemporary Western character. Such ebullitions have never developed on such a scale in New England or in the East. They are of the South and West, and they indicate the presence of a streak of spectacular gayety in the American character on which we have not been much used to count. It means, no doubt, a strong infusion of French or German blood.

A MATTER OF MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

THE question of municipal ownership of street-car franchises has aroused much discussion in recent years, but it was not until last spring that any municipality in this country was brought face to face with such a problem. That municipality was New York city. It was discovered that the city had certain rights of purchase in two street-car lines, the Sixth and the Eighth Avenue systems, and it was asserted that if the city did not exercise those rights at once, whereby it could secure absolute ownership of the lines and obtain property worth $7,000,000 for about $2,500,000, it would practically lose its rights through the permission of the State Railroad Commission and the property-owners along the lines to change the motive power from horses to an underground trolley.

Public agitation in the matter reached a stage of bitterness in a few weeks. The question of the city's rights and the city's duty bounded like a ball from clubs and labor organizations to the courts and the Legislature. It stirred up strife in the Board of Aldermen. The city officials, especially the Commissioner of Public Works and the Corporation Counsel, were denounced by many as indifferent to the city's interests. Politics began to play a part in the discussion. It was not until litigation on one phase of the matter reached the stage of appeal to the highest court in the State and the local campaign began to absorb public attention, that the question ceased for a time to plague the people.

There were probably not one thousand persons in all New York city who knew that the city had any so-called rights in these two railroads until there arose a bitter warfare between the two large street-railroad systems of the city—the Metropolitan Traction Company and the Third Avenue Railroad Company. Each wanted control of what is known as the Kingsbridge territory, the undeveloped part of the city to the north and east of the Harlem River. They could not agree on a compromise. The Third Avenue's lawyers went to work to overhaul the Metropolitan's franchises. The Metropolitan leased the Sixth and Eighth Avenue lines. It paid a rental of $145,000 for the Sixth Avenue line and a rental of $215,000 for the Eighth Avenue line. All the city got out of these lines in the way of revenue was an annual license fee of $50 a car for every car used.

The Third Avenue's lawyers discovered that the city apparently had the right of purchase of both of these lines by paying for the cost of construction and ten per cent. additional. Inasmuch as the rent for the roads represented, at twenty-five per cent., a capital of $7,000,000, and inasmuch as the cost of building had not been at the outside more than $2,500,000, it was seen that the city could get a bargain at small cost, comparatively speaking. The Third Avenue Company wanted to cripple its rival, undoubtedly, and take away from it two of its best-paying lines.

In 1851 the Common Council of New York gave permission for the operation of these lines, reserving to the city the right of purchase at the cost of construction and ten per cent. additional, and also declaring that no other power than that of horses should be used below certain streets. The Court of Appeals has since decided that the grant to the companies was not valid at the time, but that the law of 1854 regarding railroad franchises made it valid. Since that time there has been litigation on minor points at various times about these roads. It was asserted in one case that the railroad law of 1874 relieved the companies from paying the annual license to the city. The Court of Appeals decided otherwise, and declared that the rights of the city were in the nature of a contract, which legislation could not abridge.

When the Third Avenue line's lawyers made public their discovery a hubbub started at once. A man named H. J. Braker offered the city $2,000,000 for the franchises, and also agreed to pay the entire cost of repurchasing the roads, and, in addition, to guarantee a revenue to the city of at least $100,000 a year for the roads. The Third Avenue line offered first $1,000,000, with an annual payment of ten per cent. of the gross receipts, and then practically offered to pay $4,000,000 for the franchises outright. At once various organizations, political and otherwise, took up the matter. The newspapers began to discuss the case. It was contended by some that the city had lost its rights entirely. Other persons said that although the city had all of its original rights, having done nothing to forfeit them, there was no legal way by which it could avail itself of these rights.

Meanwhile the Metropolitan Company applied to the State Railroad Commission for permission to change the motive power on the roads. A clamor arose at once to the effect that if the company was allowed to change the motive power it would mean an addition to the construction cost of the systems of $3,000,000, and that then the city would not have a bargain if it should decide to avail itself of its privilege to buy back the roads. It was contended that by securing the roads before the motive power was changed the city could make a profit of $318,000 a year simply by leasing them at their present rental. It was also contended that by issuing short-term bonds for three years the roads would pay for themselves, and that the city would own them absolutely to operate for itself or to lease, in accordance with the terms of the charter of Greater New York. It was also asserted that the city officials ought to fight, by technicalities if necessary, the right of the Railroad Commission to give permission to change the motive power until the city's exact rights of ownership were determined.

The Traction Company promptly secured the permission to use the underground trolley. The Railroad Commissioners said their duty was purely ministerial in the case. If the city's rights were infringed upon, there was a legal way of protecting those rights. It was no part of their duty to go outside of their own legitimate sphere of legal operations. The Commissioner of Public Works then decided to grant permission to put in the new system. The Corporation Counsel had advised him that, owing to a decision in a similar case involving the Third Avenue line, and owing to changes in the general railroad law, he was required to give the permit, and that if he refused the Metropolitan Company could mandamus him. In that case the city might not be in a position to assert freely what rights it might have in the roads.

The Corporation Counsel was clearly disposed to consider the question judicially. He pointed out that the city had all of its original rights, even if the motive power should be changed. Advocates of the purchase by the city pointed out that those rights would be valueless under such circumstances. The Corporation Counsel, in an opinion to the Sinking Fund Commissioners, later declared that he did not want to become a public obstructionist to a desirable improvement on a mere possibility that the city might have certain rights in the matter.

The Board of Aldermen then considered a resolution asking the Corporation Counsel to inform them about the matter, and asking him to take such action as the city's interests demanded. The resolution was sent to the Railroad Committee. Finally a public hearing was given on it. The City Hall was stormed, and the meeting was almost riotous. It had to adjourn for a short time to secure order. After a session of several hours the subject was dropped for the time. The Commissioner of Public Works and the Corporation Counsel had drawn up a permit for the Traction Company, with provisions that made it practically certain the company would not accept. Meanwhile the Corporation Counsel drew up a bill which was sent hurriedly to the Legislature, giving the city the right to issue bonds to buy the roads, and to operate or lease them in case it finally secured complete ownership in them. The bill reached the Legislature only one week before final adjournment, and despite urgent effort, failed to receive consideration.

The opponents of the Traction Company then declared that at least the city should receive something for the privilege of changing the motive power. They declared that the Traction Company would really be putting in new railroads. For such a privilege that company pays the city $150,000 a year for the use of Broadway below Fourteenth Street. It was declared that the city, by this new arrangement, would be giving up forty-five miles, five feet wide and two feet deep, of city streets. At the rate charged for vaults underneath sidewalks this would bring several millions of dollars to the city.

It was evident that no move was being made or could be made by the city authorities, in accordance with the Corporation Counsel's views, to check the Metropolitan system. The Corporation Counsel had declared that the city had no money with which to buy the roads, and could get none, and that even if it had the money, it had no authority to operate the roads should it secure them. A tax-payer's suit to stop the issue of the permit by the Commissioner of Public Works was the next move. Eugene Clifford Potter asked the court to make permanent an injunction stopping the work, on the ground that the city's interests were being wasted. It was argued before Justice Beach of the Supreme Court. Mr. Potter lost. Justice Beach decided that the permit must issue. He did not pass directly upon the right of the city for a repurchase.

An appeal was taken to the appellate division of the Supreme Court, and that court sustained Justice Beach.

An appeal was taken from there to the Court of Appeals, and it will be considered there soon. After this final appeal was made the Sinking Fund Commissioners asked the Corporation Counsel for a full survey of the matter. He declared that what the city originally possessed in the roads was simply an "option" to buy. Others had declared that the agreement in question was in the nature of a contract. The Corporation Counsel decided that some board of the city must take action before the city could do anything, and that the Legislature must put the city in a position to manage the roads in case of repurchase. He said nothing about a recent decision of the Court of Appeals that the management of railroads within the limits of a city is a "municipal purpose." He defended himself warmly against the charge that he had been disinterested as to the city's welfare in the matter, and pointed out that he had been alert, and had taken such action that in no way could the city's interests be put in jeopardy in future litigation so far as his action was concerned.

All further litigation being stopped for the moment, there was nothing for the Commissioner of Public Works to do, in the judgment of the Corporation Counsel, but to issue the permit to change the motive power, and accordingly on September 9 the paper was issued, and inspectors were ordered to oversee the work. The political platforms all had something to say about street-car franchises and the city's interests, as the result of the agitation. Thus the case stands at present. It is a situation that has befuddled most of the citizens of the metropolis itself. What the result will be no one can predict. This much, in the words of the Corporation Counsel, is undoubtedly true:

"If the city should ever find itself in a position to reacquire the roads, it is obvious that it will be able to do so only after a long and bitter litigation."

The situation evidently is one for thought by both advocates and opponents of municipal ownership of franchises in the United States. F. M.

THIS BUSY WORLD

A great many people have been trying for a good many years to understand Charles A. Dana. For twenty-five years he has been under daily observation by several hundred thousand people, who have followed the turns of his mind as the *Sun* reflected them. It is doubtful whether there is an American now living who has interested so many people so much, or who has excited so many speculations as to his motives and character. There was nothing mysterious about him, but there was a great deal that, to most people, was surprising. His point of view has always been a puzzle to observers. No one has been able to say what he would do next. The most that even an experienced observer could prophesy was that, whatever it was, he would do it with vigor. Most of us have had dreams of what we wished to accomplish in life, and when retrospectively we inquire why the realization has fallen so far short of the hope, we are apt to discover either that we have been lazy or that we got tired and had to stop and rest. It seems as if Mr. Dana never got tired, but had in him a marvellous vigor, which enabled him, year after year and decade after decade, to pile one day's work upon another and make constant progress toward the accomplishment of his desires. His three rules of life seemed like the rhetorician's three rules of oratory—action, action, action. His rest was change of occupation. He had great resources, physical and mental, and behind them he had a will strengthened by years of resolute labor that drove his machinery steadily and hard; and yet not too hard, for he seemed to use his powers with the most exact intelligence, neither abusing them nor letting any of them rust by disuse. Never had a man a fuller appreciation of the possibilities and satisfactions of mundane existence. He liked this world, and seemed to make it his business to get out of it all the lawful gratification it could yield to an intelligent being. He worked hard, but he found great pleasure in working; he played hard—hard enough at least to yield him true recreation and keep him well. Few men have more thoroughly cultivated or enjoyed the happiness that is to be found in domestic life; very few men have made their intellectual equipment yield them more enjoyment. He liked to eat and drink, too, and to play games; he loved nature; he loved children; he liked trees and plants and flowers and animals—everything that was beautiful or curious or interesting, whether it was nature's work or man's. When so very many people make such sorry work of getting pleasure out of life it is a luxury, and a profit too, to contemplate a man who was good at it. Happiness is largely an affair of the soul, and has its own rules, and contradictory enough they often seem to be; but having fun is an art, of which the first principle is to keep a keen edge on the lawful appetites. No one really enjoys his dinner unless he is hungry; no one can long enjoy play unless he works. No one can have much fun with his stomach unless he is content to keep a good many things out of it, or much fun with his head unless he takes some pains to keep it stored. No one who is a fossil, or an old fogy, or what the irreverent call a "back number," or has ceased to learn or to have new emotions and new ideas, need expect to have more than a second-rate time. If Mr. Dana had fun, it was because he kept all his faculties in use, and made them pay him tribute. He was a very strong man, and that was his advantage, but of more moment than that was it that he knew how to keep alive, and was willing to take the trouble.

Most of us take pleasure, on occasion, in doing nothing, and many of us find that these pleasant gaps in our activities are agreeably beguiled by smoking tobacco. Mr. Dana very rarely smoked. If no better method of beguiling leisure moments offered, he would study the grammar or the vocabulary of a new language, or simply think of something different. There was another occupation in which he did not indulge: he did not worry, nor indulge regrets, nor cultivate remorse. Worry, as any one can understand, would speedily have proved a destructive indulgence to the editor of the *Sun*. Many persons worried over the *Sun*, but Mr. Dana was not one of them. When he went home at night he left his newspaper behind him.

What makes conversation interesting is knowledge, gumption, and the art of putting things; and if a touch of humor is added, so much the better. The same ingredients go to make an interesting newspaper, and into his newspaper Mr. Dana put them all. His knowledge was extraordinary in its scope and accuracy. He was a notable linguist; very learned in matters concerning trees, plants, and flowers; wise in porcelains, pictures, and all the objects that attract collectors; he knew history, literature, and people; he had edited an encyclopædia, and published a collection of poetry which still holds first place among books of its class and scope. All his life, too, he had been in the thick of affairs, and when history had been making he had his hand in the mixing of it. He had thought the thoughts and shared the experiences of the Brook-Farmers, had made the antislavery fight and learned the business of newspaper-making in fifteen years of service under Greeley on the *Tribune*. And he had served in the war as the special observer and correspondent of Lincoln and Stanton. That was an extraordinary equipment for an editor, and it is not to be wondered at that its possessor, when he came in charge of the *Sun*, made it count, and that a notable newspaper resulted. It is a very common thing to hear editors and publishers of newspapers and periodicals explain, when their products are censured or criticised, that they are not editing to suit themselves, but their buyers and subscribers. That is an explanation that Mr. Dana never made. To all appearance he made the *Sun* to suit himself and his purposes. Certainly its merits were his merits, and its defects his defects, and he never shuffled as to his responsibility for either. His management of the *Sun* won him the execration of a good many individuals, the admiration of very many others, and the reputation of being the greatest newspaper editor of his day. He knew good writing when he saw it, and also good verse, and he liked both, not as a merchant likes goods, but as an artist loves art. There never was an editor more inspiring to his subordinates. His taste was a literary standard that was respected from San Francisco to Eastport. A poem that he would print in the *Sun* was a fair poem; a poem that he praised was an excellent poem; a new poem that he was known to carry about in his pocket-book was something young writers met to discuss. Very possibly the best days to have known Mr. Dana as an editor were the old days when the *Sun* was still a four-page paper, which swelled to eight on Sundays, and when the staff was still comparatively small and every line of space counted. In those days certainly the *Sun* office was a fold where art was loved for art's sake, and where aspiring talent, uncertain of itself, found recognition, guidance, and opportunity. In those days, as ever since, Mr. Dana was liked and admired and respected in the *Sun* office, and persons there, as elsewhere, with whom he had close personal relations, formed strong attachments to him. It was said the other day, by a man worn in his service, "He was like a great tree, and I have been glad to feel his shelter." That is a sentiment about him that many persons have shared, and not without reason. He had much sentiment, and a sincere sympathy with the under dog. If the worm would turn, he would back the worm. He loved to see the weak grow strong; he loved to see the course of true love triumph over the traditional obstacles. He strode through the world shaping his own course, but a great charm about him was that he never walked on stilts, and was never disposed to shut himself off from his fellows and coworkers, but was both easily accessible to any one who had any claim on his attention, and very courteous and agreeable to his callers. Usually in his office he did not stop work to talk, but went right on reading his proof-sheets or with whatever he had in hand, while he gossiped with a visitor or discussed his errand.

Mr. Dana was one of the men, of whom comparatively few are left, who knew intimately, by personal observation and recollection, many important phases of the history of the war. It is gratifying to learn that in the very last year of his life he put into writing his memories of his experiences as Assistant Secretary of War, and prepared them for publication.

The chief biographical facts of his life are so well known that they may be dismissed in a few words. He was born in 1819, of a well-known New England family, in Hinsdale, New Hampshire. R. H. Dana, who wrote *Two Years Before the Mast*, was his cousin. His parents took him while still an infant to western New York. His first schooling he got in a district school in Orleans County, and his boyhood was spent in Buffalo, where he became clerk in his uncle's dry-goods store. That employment failing, in 1837, he prepared himself for college in two years and entered Harvard. He spent two years there, supporting himself partly by teaching. Then his eyesight failed, and finding an open-air life necessary for a time, he left college and joined the community at Brook Farm. There he was concerned, among other employments, in editing the *Harbinger*. The Harvard degree which he did not wait to take was conferred upon him in 1863, twenty years after his class was graduated. In 1844, when Brook Farm began to break up, he went to Boston, and found work on Elizur Wright's *Chronotype*. In 1847 (fifty years ago) he came to New York and found a place on the *Tribune*. The following year he went to Europe as correspondent for several newspapers. Then for thirteen years he worked for the *Tribune*, then the representative organ of all the enthusiastic people who were to form the great Party of Moral Ideas. He soon became the *Tribune's* managing editor, and earned a salary of $50 a week. During these years he put together the *Household Book of Poetry*, and with George Ripley edited the *American Encyclopædia*. When the war broke out he made the *Tribune* so much hotter than Mr. Greeley could stand that they parted company, and Mr. Dana became Assistant Secretary of War under Stanton. His chief service in that capacity was to act as the special correspondent of the government at the front, and to keep the Secretary of War and the President informed of what was going on in the field. After the war he spent a year in Chicago as editor of the *Republican*, which failed from a lack of capital. Returning to New York, he bought an interest in the *Sun*, became its editor, made a prodigious newspaper success of it, and eventually became its chief owner. As editor of the *Sun* he has been everywhere known, and very variously regarded. When, after fifty years of hard work and meagre pay, he began to be a rich man, he bought Dosoris Island, on the north shore of Long Island, and made a country home there, which is famous for the gardens and plantations with which he adorned it. In later years he relaxed a little the assiduity of his professional work, travelled much in Europe and America, and interested himself in collecting porcelains and objects of art. Still, up to the time of the beginning of his illness last June (almost the only illness he ever had), he kept up his usual routine when at home, and went daily to his office. He died on Sunday, October 17, and was buried on October 20 in the churchyard of St. Paul's church at Glen Cove. Two Cuban flags, formed of red, white, and blue flowers, were memorably conspicuous among the wreaths and crosses that were left to mark his grave. Over the hill the American flag hung at half-mast from a school-house pole.

Miss Clara Barton, who got home early this month from the sixth international conference of the Red Cross Society at Vienna, took early opportunity after getting ashore to express the mortification it had caused her to admit to the delegates at the conference that Congress had not as yet seen fit to protect the Red Cross Society in this country in the exclusive use of its name. Miss Barton said she had to confess that there were 284 American persons, corporations, or firms who were using the red cross as a trade-mark for private gain, besides "innumerable bodies which have founded Red Cross societies for local purposes, and who are in no way connected with the national organization." Of course imitation is the sincerest flattery, but Miss Barton seems to feel that flattery of that sort may easily be overdone. She intimates, too, that the Red Cross in this country is very insufficiently endowed, and said that the European delegates to the conference were surprised that the American society had not been more adequately provided for.

Mr. Edwin Lord Weeks, the artist, and a writer well known to readers of Harper's Magazine, came recently to this country from Paris, where he lives, to act as European juror for the Carnegie Institute Exhibition at Pittsburg. The appointment is complimentary to Mr. Weeks, who, by-the-way, is just now a much-complimented person. Very recently the international jury at Munich awarded him a first-class medal, which, as he went to Munich as a delegate and did not mean to compete, he felt constrained to decline; but he accepted another first class shortly after, which was awarded him at Dresden. His name has been put up by Mersen as corresponding member of the Institute of France.

These are the lines that du Maurier is said to have sent to his father when, somewhat to his own astonishment, he had passed a dreaded examination:

> Care mihi princeps, sum par, mirabile dictu,
> Proxima sed rasura, fuit, ni fallor, aratri.

Translated by the Cambridge *Review*, they run:

> Dear Governor, 'tis no less strange than true
> That, by a lucky fluke, I'm through, I'm through,
> And yet it was, unless I'm much mistaken,
> A close shave of a plough—just saved my bacon.

The examination must have been one that he passed in University College, London, where he studied chemistry.

The incident recalls another that is associated with du Maurier. To most readers of *The Martian* Barty Josselin's gift of feeling the north must have seemed a pure flight of fancy. On the contrary, it is stated that du Maurier himself in his youth possessed this curious faculty, and, since *The Martian* was published, other persons, some of them well known, have owned up to the same thing. It is an instinct that seems especially characteristic of poets.

Among the adventurers who have planned to go to the Klondike gold-fields next spring is Mr. A. H. H. Heming, the artist, who started for the Barren Lands with Mr. Caspar Whitney, but met with an accident which turned him back. He intends to make again part of the journey he made with Mr. Whitney, and will be the leader of an expedition which will travel to Dawson City by way of Edmonton and the Athabasca and Mackenzie rivers.

Fiske Hall, the new Barnard College dormitory, is so well along that the corner-stone, which was laid with due ceremonies on October 16, was placed about eight feet in the air, at the top of the stone-work of the building. It is better for the documents which go inside of a corner-stone to have the stone where the sun and air can reach it. The stone-laying was an interesting ceremony. Dean Smith made an address, and Mr. Joseph Choate another, the Dean supplying the more substantial sentiments, and Mr. Choate the humor and some bits of news. One item of news was that some one—a lady in England—had given $5000 to found a scholarship in Barnard in memory of Dr. Arthur Brooks. The giver of the new building, Mrs. Josiah M. Fiske, was present, and herself helped to spread the mortar on which the corner-stone was set.

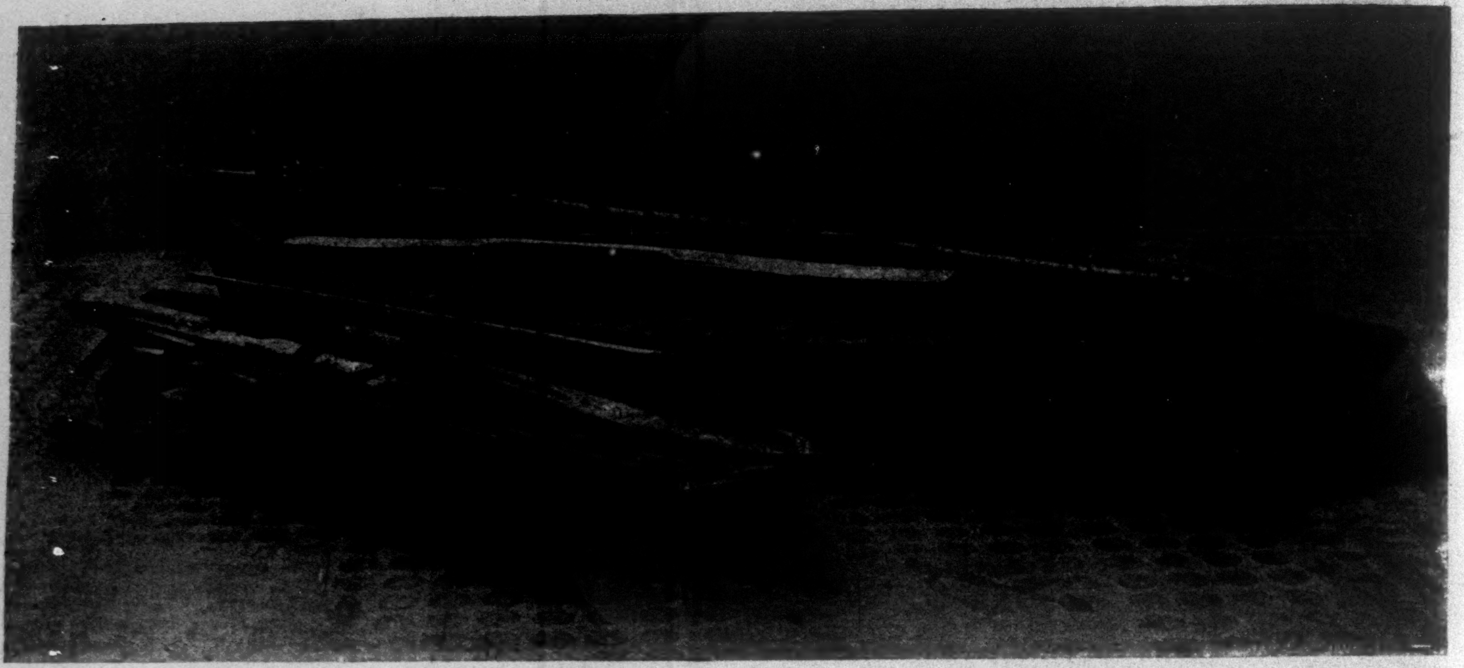
Report says that the falling off of the Freshman class at Yale is a subject of deep and puzzled meditation at New Haven. Last year there were 354 Yale Freshmen; this year there are 296. So large a decrease seems to be due to something else than chance, and there are various guesses as to what has caused it. It can't be hard times, for most of the colleges show increased Freshmen classes. Yale's own Sheffield Scientific School shows a gain of fifteen Freshmen, but in the Academic Department is this loss of fifteen per cent. Some persons have attributed this falling off to Bryan, some to Hinkey, some to Cook, some to the removal of the fence, some to Yale's defeats in athletics, some to an alleged rise in the standard of scholarship, but there is no good reason to believe that any of these guesses is right. No one knows why those other fifty lads who were expected at Yale did not go there. The way to find out is to get on the trail of those lads and discover where they did go, and why. To do that would not be very difficult, and the result of the inquiry would be interesting. Meanwhile Yale intends to keep open another year, anyhow.

There is a lively prospect of war between Princeton University and the Presbyterian Church over the Princeton Inn. Indeed, there is more than a prospect. Hostilities have begun, and active skirmishing is in progress. The Princeton Inn is a tavern conducted with the approval of the university authorities for the entertainment of visitors, and also as a meeting-place for the upper-class men of the university. It has a liquor license, which it could not have obtained if the authorities of the university were opposed to it, and it sells beer and other alcoholic drinks. At the session of the New York Synod of the Presbyterian Church on October 21, in Jersey City, the Synod Reform Committee reported, "with humiliation and astonishment," that a drinking-bar, legalized through the signing of a petition by professors, has been established at Princeton. In the face of such action by the connivance of such authority, "how long may we hope," cries the committee, "to keep the pulpit, and even the ministry, from the calamity of the cup?" Entering its "emphatic protest against the appearance of this old monster under the sanction of professors," the committee warns Presbyterian parents against sending their boys to any college where such temptations are tolerated.

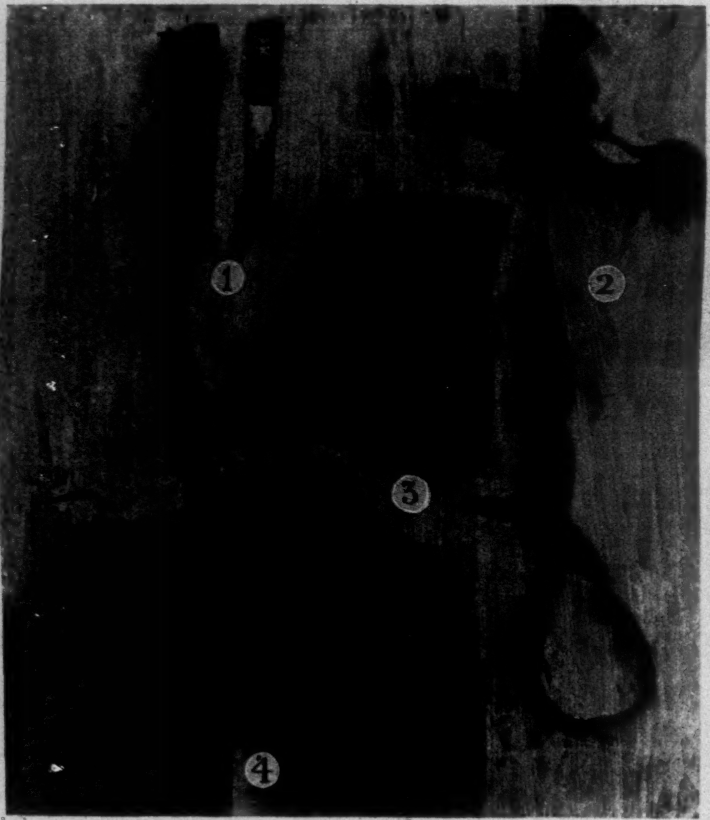
On the same day the synodical convention at Plainfield, New Jersey, discussed a resolution to urge the Presbytery of New Brunswick to discipline such of its members as had signed the petition for the Princeton Inn license. It was expected that the Synod of Pennsylvania would discuss the same matter the same day, and perhaps have as lively a time over it as the Synod of Indiana lately had.

If total abstinence is demanded by the Presbyterian Church, Princeton ought to be disciplined; but if mere temperance is consistent with Presbyterianism, the Princeton Inn, license and all, would seem to be a good institution. Of course, if the university authorities believed that the Inn promoted drunkenness, its license would be taken away. What they do undoubtedly believe is that it is a useful social institution that makes for good-fellowship, and incidentally for good and temperate habits. It is not known that total abstinence has ever been made to prevail among the students of a great university; but it is a comparatively simple matter in such a town as Princeton to compel all drinking to be done surreptitiously and out of sight. That, apparently, is what the synods would like to see done.

E. S. Martin.



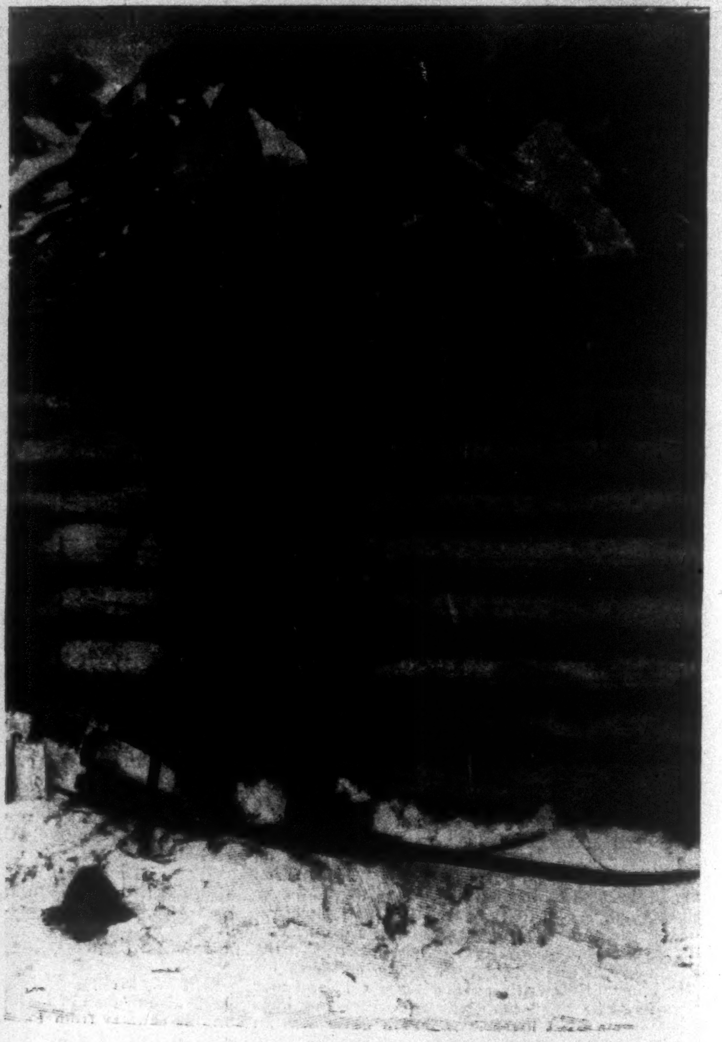
NANSEN'S CANVAS KAYAK, OR CANOE, AND MAST, AND THE PADDLE HE MADE FROM A SNOW-SHOE—ON THE SLED USED FOR TRANSPORTING CANOE ARE HIS SKIS, OR SNOW-SHOES, SKI-STICK, AND TENT-POLE



1. NANSEN'S BELT, SHEATH, AND KNIFE. 2. HARNESS USED BY NANSEN FOR HAULING SLED. 3. HOOD WORN BY NANSEN. 4. BEAR-SKIN MOCCASINS MADE AND WORN BY NANSEN.

NANSEN'S OIL-STOVE AND COVER, WOODEN CUP, MITTENS, AND LEATHER LEGGINGS, AND A MODEL OF THE "FRAM" MADE BY HER DESIGNER.

POLAR BEAR PHOTOGRAPHED BY NANSEN JUST BEFORE HE SHOT IT.



NANSEN ON HIS ARRIVAL AT CAPE FLORA.

FROM DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN'S COLLECTION.—[SEE PAGE 1087.]

ARTICLES USED BY HIM ON HIS JOURNEY TO THE FARTHEST NORTH, AND EXHIBITED IN NEW YORK UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE PRIME GREAT SECRET.

BY W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

"NO such thing as the prime great secret, eh?"

It was the *Silent Member* who spoke, a rare occurrence in itself and one to command attention, but there was something more than mere words in the sentence that has just been recorded. The *Fiend* hastened to take up the challenge.

"No, sir; the prime great secret is but the baseless fable of a duffer's dream, our twentieth-century substitute for the philosopher's stone, and equally elusive and unsubstantial. Golf, with all things else in nature, has its fixed laws, its immutable limitations—"

"Most assuredly," retorted the *Silent Member;* "I have watched your game long enough to know that. Limitations, indeed! As it happens, your particular golfing cult is founded upon Sir Walter Simpson's 'categorical imperative,' and 'hitting the ball' is the sum and substance of all your efforts. Given that as a premise and we arrive, through process of logic, at the following beautiful paradox: the oftener the ball is hit, the fewer strokes it will take to do the round. For a concrete illustration we will examine your score-card for last Saturday's medal play."

The *Silent Member* walked over to the bulletin-board. "Here it is," he went on. "You hit the ball on that occasion no fewer than one hundred and thirty-seven times. Now what does that prove?"

"Nothing," growled the *Fiend*. "You know perfectly well that I broke my play-club at the third hole."

"But you continued to hit the ball," persisted the *Silent Member*.

"Of course I did," roared the *Fiend*, goaded to madness under this indecent application of the *argumentum ad hominem*, "but somehow the confounded thing wouldn't go."

"Precisely. Then you must acknowledge that there is something in *how* you hit the ball if it is to go."

"Well, and what then?"

"Oh, that *how* is the prime great secret."

"Indeed," sneered the *Fiend*. "Possibly you speak from the vantage-ground of a personal experience."

The *Silent Member* smiled, but there was an infinite sadness in the lines about his mouth. "I do," he said, simply. Then he opened the door and went out.

For some moments nobody spoke. The tremendous significance of the *Silent Member's* categorical affirmation was more than overwhelming; it was paralyzing. And that last look in his eyes as he turned and closed the door! There was a despair in it, a freezing hopelessness, that was almost physical in its effects upon those who encountered it. Robinson Brown actually shivered and his chair creaked noisily as he leaned forward and held his hands close above the crackling logs.

Woodehouse was the first to recover himself. "What rot!" he remarked, sententiously.

"Why, the old man, to my certain knowledge, has never had a club in his hand," put in Egerton, "and I've been a member here for fifteen years. How about it, *Ancient?*"

"He was one of the charter members," returned the Oracle, placidly, "and dates back to '93 or thereabouts."

"A quarter of a century, then," said the *Fiend*, making a rapid mental calculation. "That's a long time to live without playing golf. I always thought that there was something uncanny about the man."

"It's equivalent to a stroke or hole to have him in the gallery," said Robinson Brown, decidedly. "I can't play a little bit if I see him looking on. He always seems to know what a fellow ought not to do, just before he goes and does it."

The impressiveness of this concluding statement was somewhat marred by its lack of lucidity, and only Mr. Brown's fellow-members in Class C appeared able to grapple with its subtle significance. They beamed complacently upon each other and interchanged unutterable winks. Evidently there is a secret understanding among duffers.

"It isn't hypnotism, either," remarked Alderson, thoughtfully. "He doesn't try to interfere in any way with a man's play, but there is something in that serene, immovable, omniscient gaze of his that is absolutely fatal to my holing-out. It makes me feel as though I was about to read a paper at the Twilight Club upon the mistakes in the Pentateuch, and had suddenly looked up and recognized Moses sitting by the door."

"Well, in my opinion," interrupted the *Fiend*, warmly, "it's most confoundedly impertinent of him. For a man who, as the *Ancient* said, has been a member here for twenty-five years and has never had a club in his hand—"

"But I never said any such thing," interrupted the *Ancient*, in his turn. "If you'll look back over the records you'll see his name often enough. Madison Grimshaw, captain of the club from 1893 to 1899; third man at the open meeting in 1896; runner-up at Chicago in 1897; six open wins from scratch in 1898, and the silver medal at the amateur championship, same year; drawn against Elphinstone of Peconic in the amateur finals of 1899, and withdrew—there the record stops."

"Well, of all things!" and the *Fiend* drew in his breath sharply. "M. Grimshaw, our *Silent Member, he* the Madison Grimshaw of those six glorious years, the golden age of the Marion County Club! You can't mean it?"

"But I do; he is Madison Grimshaw."

"But—but I thought—that is, I always understood—there was a catastrophe, something tragic—went under in a big match, didn't he? Apoplexy, or perhaps it was collapse. All the papers were full of it. I can just remember the excitement in the air."

"If you want the truth about it," said the *Ancient*, slowly, "it was simply a case of too much prime great secret."

"Then there is such a thing?"

"Unquestionably."

"And Grimshaw possessed it?"

"Without a doubt; and he has it still."

"But—but he never uses it."

"He never did use it but once, and that is just where the story comes in."

"Fire away," said the *Fiend*, with an air of tolerant scepticism. "Of course you won't expect us to believe the fairy-tale."

"Certainly not," retorted the *Ancient*. "I don't expect anything of a man who tees his ball in a bunker, and yet has never done the course under triple figures. Let me say, however, that I simply propose to state the facts, and not to comment upon them. Have I the floor?"

The privilege was immediately accorded, and the *Fiend*, under threat of being gagged with an old ball if he ventured upon any interruption, retired to a distant corner and affected to busy himself with the *Golfing Annual*. But Woodehouse kept an eye upon him; there is jealousy even among the wretched duffers of Class C, and he suspected that the *Fiend* was hardly so indifferent as his actions would imply. One may smile at the idea of a prime great secret in golf, and yet be a villain.

"As I have said," began the old gentleman, "our Grimshaw was indeed *the* Grimshaw of glorious memory, and the crack amateur of his day. It was remarkable how quickly he picked up the game, and since to natural genius he added an infinite capacity for taking pains, it is no wonder that he was soon at the top of the tree. In Grimshaw the Marion County Club had developed a really first-class man, and when the amateur championship meeting for 1899 was awarded to us, we all felt confident that our champion had more than an even chance to win out.

"Well, at the end of the second day's play it was pretty plain that the contest for the gold medal lay between Grimshaw and McLeod, an ex-Hoylake player and short odds man. It was the old story of native skill against imported talent, and for the first time the odds seemed to be slightly in our favor. The luck of the draw kept the men apart until the semi-finals, when they were paired against each other, the second couple being Elphinstone of Peconic and Hawley of Rollwood. Both Elphinstone and Hawley were decidedly second-rank men, who had managed to pull off their earlier matches through technical rulings, aided by unexpected reversals in form on the part of their opponents. It was a foregone conclusion that the survivor of the Grimshaw-McLeod match would be the amateur champion of 1899, and the interest consequently centred upon that contest. And upon the form already shown Grimshaw had been backed to win.

"Now I had been carrying for Grimshaw. He had great confidence in my judgment, although I was by no means a crack in actual performance, and he had the idea that I could steady him at a crisis better than anybody else, professional or what not. Of course I was doing my best to pull him through, both out of club loyalty and from personal friendship.

"The match in the third round was a win for Grimshaw by five up and four to play, which looked very fair on paper, McLeod being a strong player, but somehow I fancied that the strain of the tournament was beginning to tell upon my man. There were little signs of weakness and indecision in his play, indicating that something was wrong. Of course it might be merely a temporary falling off, but I began to feel a bit anxious. Naturally I kept my misgivings to myself; it would have been madness to even hint at them to Grimshaw.

"I had been spending the tournament week at Grimshaw's house, and on that particular Thursday night he had gone up stairs at an early hour, presumably bound for bed. A long night's rest was exactly what he needed, and I was consequently annoyed when I came up, a couple of hours later, to notice that a light was still burning in his bedroom. I knocked and then entered without waiting for an answer. The room and bed were empty. I glanced over at the corner where he kept his clubs, and—merciful heavens!—the bag was gone. What insanity of folly was this? Midnight practice before a crucial match! We were lost indeed; I knew the match was McLeod's as surely as though I had seen it posted upon the bulletin-board. I sank into a chair, crushed, broken-hearted. It was now half past twelve.

"The clock struck one, the door opened, and Grimshaw

stood before me. I could hardly believe my senses. There was a new light in his eyes and an assured smile upon his lips that made him look like the Grimshaw of old; something had happened to restore his moral tone, some miracle had given him back his pristine confidence in himself. I waited for the explanation.

"Grimshaw placed his bag of clubs in the corner, sat down opposite to me, and prepared to light a cigarette. Cigarettes! the rankest of poisons to a man of his temperament. I looked my blackest disapproval.

"'Go easy, old man,' he began, coolly. 'It's all right; everything is all right, for I have the prime great secret, direct from *Colonel Bogey* hims[illegible] I got it at the Thirteenth hole not half an h[illegible]

"Worse and worse! if this w[illegible] really the explanation of his altered demeanor. Poor fellow! it was only too evident that his mind was giving way under the awful strain of the tournament. Ah, this Juggernaut of golf!

"'You don't believe me,' said Grimshaw, looking at me steadily. 'Well, what do you make of that?' and he put into my hand a small round object."

The *Ancient* stopped, and fumbling in his waistcoat pocket, produced a wooden box, which he solemnly handed to Alderson for inspection. It went from hand to hand around the circle, and Woodehouse examined it with especial interest. In shape it resembled a pill-box, and it was made of some foreign-looking, close-grained wood, very dark in color and highly polished. Upon the lid was a couplet in black-letter, and Woodehouse slowly spelled it out:

"Once for far and once for sure
And once for what is past alle cure."

The *Ancient* reached for the box, dropped it carelessly into an outside pocket, and resumed his story.

"'Open it,' said Grimshaw.

"I did so, and saw that it contained a curious-looking paste, or rather salve. It had an aromatic odor, not unpleasant, but quite unknown to me. Part of the contents had been used, and now I could detect that same peculiar odor hanging about Grimshaw himself.

"'Well?' and I looked at him expectantly.

"'I may as well tell the whole truth,' he blurted out. 'But first look at this,' and he handed me a parchment-bound volume evidently of great age. It was in black-letter, and purported to be a treatise on Black Magic, printed at Leyden in 1527 by Carolus Nuyse, for Magister Claudius Paraloubomatos, of the Academy of Universal Science.

"'What nonsense is this?' I said, frowningly.

"'Read,' said Grimshaw, pointing to a marked paragraph.

"Lette duffers toppe and duffers sclaffe,
The prime greate secret of the gowffe
The Bogey-Manne shalle give the wight
Who dares to playe, on moonless night,

"The Thirteen Hole from greene to tee.
A deede of darkeness foul, pardie.
So once for far and once for sure
And once for what is past alle cure."

"I lost my patience completely at this gibberish, and shutting the book with a bang, I told Grimshaw plainly that if he did not instantly throw away that cigarette and go to bed, he would have to find some one else to carry for him on the morrow. He listened to me exactly as though I was some fractious child who had to be coaxed into good-humor, and then said, quietly:

"'Just as you please, old man. I absolve you from all responsibility; but you have got to hear the story, and you may as well resign yourself. Come in.'

"There was a knock at the door, and his man Pollock entered, bearing a supper-tray. I groaned aloud. Welsh rarebits and grilled bones! Well, nothing could matter now, and I am very fond of a bone, so I resumed my seat and held out my plate.

"'When I came up stairs this evening,' began Grimshaw, 'I had every intention of going to bed at once, and in fact I did get half undressed. But I soon discovered that I was too unstrung to hope for sleep; that infernal match with McLeod kept getting on my nerves, and I knew as certainly as I am sitting here that I would go to pieces to-morrow; I was a beaten man before the match. In desperation I pulled a chair before the fire, took down at random a book from the case, and determined to distract my mind, if such a thing were possible, by an hour of hard reading. The book was this curious old volume that I had picked up at a Seine book-stall last summer, and of course the first thing I saw was the doggerel verse that you have just read. The prime great secret! Could there really be such a thing? and then that odd fancy of playing the Thirteen hole backward on a moonless night! Somehow the ridiculous old formula so gravely set down by the learned Magister Claudius Paraloubomatos began to take hold of my imagination. And then desperate cases—you know the old saying. I was more excited now than ever, and with that jingle ringing in my ears I would not stop to reason with myself. The almanac told me that the moon would be down, my bicycle was in the stable; you fellows were making such a row in the billiard-room that it was an easy matter to get out of the house without being overheard, and before I knew it I was on my way to the golf club.

"'The course was entirely deserted, but the night was not absolutely dark, and I had no difficulty in making my way to the fateful Thirteenth hole. I threw down a ball upon McPherson's precious turf, and took my brassie. Then for the moment my courage failed me. To drive a ball off a putting-green! It was an act akin to sacrilege, and my knees knocked together with horror at the unholy deed. And then some fiend whispered McLeod's name in my ear, and my nerves grew steady again. You know how I loathe the beast; let me be eternally bunkered now but I would play out this devil's game to the last stroke.

"'I brought the brassie down with a vicious jab that left a horrible howk upon the velvet surface of the green. But I only laughed aloud, and followed after the ball with a light-hearted recklessness that henceforth would stop at nothing. I even hummed a tune as I prepared to take my second.

"'As you know, the Thirteen is a short hole and the *Sheol* bunker is some fifty yards in front of the tee. As I was playing the hole backwards I was, of course, approaching the bunker from behind, going into *Sheol* by the back door, as it were. I did my best to clear the hazard, but topped, and the ball rolled up close against the bunker, a duffer shot that annoyed me exceedingly. I went to where the ball had struck, but it was not to be seen. But right there, on the edge of the bunker's cliff, was that small box, together with what appeared to be a gentleman's visiting-card. I picked up the latter, and immediately dropped it with a yell, for it was white-hot. The turf actually sizzled where it fell, and a light smoke arose as the card slowly curled up and resolved itself into ashes. But in the mean time I had been able to make out the writing upon it: "*The Prime Great Secret, with the compliments of Colonel Bogey. Use only as directed.*"

"'The box was warm, but not unpleasantly so, and on opening it I found it full of the strange ointment that you have already seen. Evidently it was to be rubbed in somewhere, and, after a moment's hesitation, I bared my left arm and applied a small portion. It had an immediate and astonishing effect. The muscles and tendons of my arm felt as though they had been suddenly endowed with new vigor and elasticity. I had the strength of a Samson in that left arm, and on putting it to a practical test I was amazed to see how far I [illegible]ould now drive a ball. Two, three hundred yards were as nothing; endowed with this supernatural strength I would not be afraid to measure clubs with Jehu himself.

"'This was all very well, but I soon noticed that my shots were hardly as straight as they were far, and that my short game left much to be desired. Struck by a new thought, I read again the couplet upon the box lid. "Once for far and once for sure"—yes, that was it; I must make a second application of the salve if I desired the equally important secret of unfailing accuracy. This time I anointed my right arm, the one that guides the club, and I was delighted to find that now I was as sure as I had been far. Straight as an arrow flew every drive; my quarter shots had just the right pitch and cut; and my putting was invariably up and straight. Far and sure: what more could be desired? *I had the prime great secret.* I tried a few more shots simply to assure myself of the reality of my good fortune, and then, gathering up my clubs, I started for home, and here I am.'

"I was about to speak, but Grimshaw stopped me.

"'There is nothing to be gained by discussing this remarkable occurrence,' he said, airily. 'But you can rest assured that I am going to beat McLeod out in the semi-finals, and in the mean time I'm off to bed. Hello! half past one! Well, good-night, and tell the boys that they can back me to the limit.'

"Grimshaw rose, yawned, threw away his cigarette, walked over to the alcove, and disappeared behind the curtains. I could hear him throw off his clothes and jump into bed. In ten minutes more he was breathing regularly, and looking in, I could see that he was sleeping as peacefully as any child.

"Well, what was I to make of this cock-and-bull story? It was no use puzzling my brains over it; the fact remained that Grimshaw, in some inexplicable manner, had recovered his lost nerve and old-time confidence in himself. He now believed that he could beat McLeod, and that was the all-important point. And so, with some of his new-born confidence insensibly communicated to my own mind, I in turn retired to rest.

"As to the semi-finals, I need only say that Grimshaw's play was superb, and that he beat McLeod at that same Thirteenth hole by six up and five to play. As we came up to the green I noticed with a shiver a long jagged skelp upon its smooth surface. It was a cruel, gaping wound, and to my excited imagination it had the appearance of evil lips parted into a mocking and hateful smile. There was something appallingly sinister and threatening in that unearthly grin, if I may be allowed the expression, and I felt decidedly uncomfortable and a bit shaky about the knees. But Grimshaw only winked at me, and suggested to the chairman of the Green Committee that McPherson, the green-keeper, was in urgent need of a sound wigging.

"Elphinstone beat his man, and this left him in the finals with Grimshaw on Saturday. There could be no earthly doubt of the result, so we celebrated the discounted victory in the club-house that same night. Grimshaw was the hero of the occasion, and we were all wildly enthusiastic over the anticipated triumph. There were actually some wagers laid that Grimshaw would win without losing a single hole, and Elphinstone was so admittedly outclassed that his friends were privately urging his withdrawal. But he was an obstinate fellow, and insisted upon playing it out. Plucky but foolish, we thought him.

"The contestants were to drive off for the thirty-six-hole match at ten o'clock, and although there could be but little interest in the match itself, the gallery was fully as large as ever, it having been noised about that Grimshaw was to try and make a new record for the course. The hour came, and I went into the dressing-room to call him. I found him standing at the window with his sleeves rolled up and the mysterious box in his hand. He greeted me with a smile and said, cheerfully, 'Just another touch of this divine stuff and I think I can get down to 72 for the first round.'

"'Hold on!' I said, seizing the box from him. 'Better leave well enough alone.'

"'Nonsense! What possible harm can it do? I have the prime great secret, my boy, and I intend to smash that record into infinitesimal bits. The prime great secret! Ha! ha!' and he hummed gayly:

"'Once for far and once for sure
And once for what is past alle cure.'

"He put out his hand for the fatal box.

"'Grimshaw, you fool,' I almost shouted, 'don't you see the warning in those very words? If the doggerel means anything at all, you will repent it if you apply the ointment the third time. Don't you remember the story in the *Arabian Nights* of the covetous Baba Abdalla and the magic salve that the dervish gave him? The application to his right eye revealed to him all the riches of the earth, but not content, he insisted upon trying it upon the left eye, and was stricken blind. Once for far and once for sure! What can be farther than far; what can be surer than sure? And once for what is past all cure! I tell you to beware.'

"'Pooh!' retorted Grimshaw; 'the meaning is obvious enough. It is the record that is to be past all cure after I have finished smashing it. Give me that box, I say,' and then before I could interpose another word he had snatched it from me and had smeared the salve liberally upon his driving arm.

"Perhaps I had expected that he would fall in a fit or collapse in some other dreadful fashion, but apparently the application had no effect whatever. He stood there with a play club in his hand and tried a couple of swings.

"'Well?' and I looked at him anxiously.

"'It stings rather,' he answered shortly; 'but that's nothing. Let's get out.'

"As you know, there is a bunker some forty yards in front of the first tee; we used to call it the *Asses' Bridge* in the old days. Elphinstone drove off and cleared it nicely, and then Grimshaw stepped to the tee. He looked fit to play for his life, and it was all that the Green Committee could do to suppress the continuous hand-clapping that ran up and down the line like a discharge of musketry. Finally quiet was restored, Grimshaw swung back, then down upon the ball, and—oh, merciful heavens!—

"I won't give you the details," resumed the *Ancient*, recovering his composure by a supreme effort, "but at the forty-seventh fruitless stroke some of his friends went down into the bunker and led him quietly but firmly back to the club-house. And the name of that bunker is *Grimshaw's Grave* unto this day."

The *Ancient* stopped, and his faded blue eyes were full of hushed tears as he turned his head away. The memory of that awful moment was still fresh in the old man's faithful heart, and we could not but respect his display of feeling and old-time loyalty to his unhappy friend.

It was Alderson who finally mustered courage to put the question we were all dying to ask.

"But the prime great secret; it was gone, of course?"

"Not at all. He still possessed it in all its fulness and virtue, and he has it to this day. He knows the game and how to play it as no mortal man has ever done or ever will."

"But he never plays."

"And he never has played since that unlucky morning."

"I don't quite follow you."

"'Once for far and once for sure
And once for what is past alle cure,'"

quoted the *Ancient*, solemnly. "The directions were precise and absolutely truthful. The first application of the salve endued Madison Grimshaw with superhuman driving power, the second gave him supernatural accuracy, and the third—*the golf elbow*."

The *Ancient* rose and left the smoking-room, and one by one the company followed him in silence until Woodehouse and the *Fiend* were left alone. The keen eye of Woodehouse had noticed that the little box had fallen from the old gentleman's pocket as he rose, and it was now lying under the table. The *Fiend* appeared to be absorbed in his reading, and Woodehouse made a stealthy move towards the coveted object. The *Fiend* looked up suddenly, and Woodehouse yawned elaborately and walked to a window.

There! the *Fiend's* eyes were riveted again upon his book. Woodehouse took a tentative step in the direction of the table, and the *Fiend* was reading harder than ever. Woodehouse felt encouraged, lounged carelessly up to the table, and filled his match-safe. Still no movement on the part of the enemy. Woodehouse purposely dropped his match-box and stooped as though to recover it. The precious box was in his grasp; he straightened up; but there was an iron grip upon his wrist, and a sullen, baleful glance met his own.

"Halves," hissed the *Fiend* between his clinched teeth as they faced each other.

Woodehouse hesitated a moment, but he knew the *Fiend* full well. He nodded, and removed the lid. A faint spicy odor could be sensibly detected, but that was all. *The box was empty.*

"G-r-r-r!" snarled the *Fiend*. "I knew there was nothing in it."

Extract from the minutes of the Executive Committee, June 26, 19—:

McPherson, the green-keeper, reported that on Tuesday night last he had occasion to cross the course at a late hour, when he was surprised to see a man standing at the Thirteenth hole with a club in his hand. On approaching he recognized in him Mr. G. Graham, a member of the club, and otherwise known as the *Fiend*. To the green-keeper's amazement and horror he distinctly saw Mr. Graham proceed to drive a ball off the putting-green with his brassie, incidentally howking up the turf in a most outrageous manner. After a sharp personal encounter he succeeded in obtaining possession of Mr. Graham's club, and to prevent any further injury to the course he took it upon himself to lock up the gentleman overnight in the tool-house. It was resolved that McPherson should be presented with a twenty-dollar gold piece in recognition of his prompt and commendable action, and upon motion of Mr. Woodehouse, Mr. Graham was unanimously expelled from the membership of the club.

Woodehouse came into the club the other day and announced that he was through with golf. "It's both effeminate and faddish," he asserted, in his toploftiest manner, "and in future I shall go in for something intellectual, like chess, the king of games, don't you know."

"Good idea," assented Alderson, with a wink at Robinson Brown. "Chess is undoubtedly the game for a man who carries his left arm in a sling."

"Do you mean to insinuate—" began Woodehouse, getting very red in the face.

"Not for the world, my dear fellow. Still it is not an unheard-of thing for *two* moths to get singed at the same candle."

THE LURE.

Come hither and behold them, Sweet—
The fairy prow that o'er me rides,
And white sails of a lagging Fleet
On idle tides.

Come hither and behold them, Sweet—
The lustrous gloom, the vivid shade,
The throats of love that burn and beat
And shake the glade.

Come, for the hearts of all things pine,
And all the paths desire thy feet,
And all this beauty asks for thine,
As I do, Sweet!

William Watson.

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NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

LETTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

VI.—EXPLORING THE WHITE PASS TRAIL.

August 23, 1897 (continued).

DARKNESS comes on, and I stop for the night with two old prospectors, this side of the pitch into the Skagway, alongside a granite bowlder as big as a house. Against its flat side, and partially protected by it, they have piled their stuff, in the very spot I should have chosen for my bed. They have a little fire going, and their three horses are tied to bushes near by, munching their oats. The men are well provided with blankets, which, when supper is over, are spread out on the ground beside the pile of goods, while a rope is stretched to keep the horses from tramping on the bed. These are both old miners. One, a man of fifty-four, had been in former mining excitements, and he had seen bad trails. Now every sort of opinion has been expressed of this trail. When a man tells me a trail is bad, that counts for nothing until I know what his idea of bad is. I asked this man what he thought of this trail. Said he:

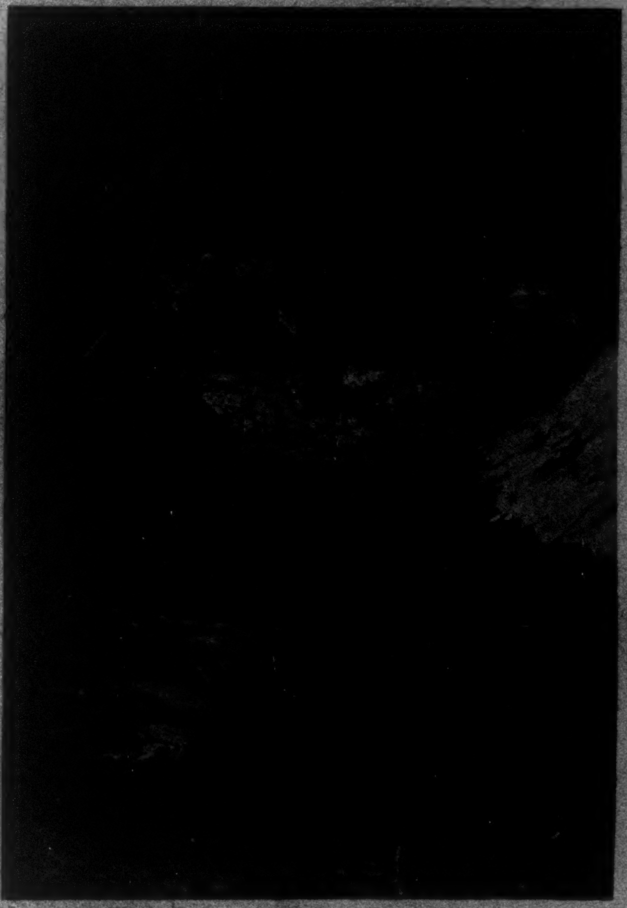
"I have seen worse trails for a short distance—five or six miles or so—but this is the worst I have ever seen for the distance. I went in over the trail when it was first cut through, and I called it then a *good* trail, but I predict that if the rains keep up it will be impossible to get a horse over."

It has stopped raining. We lay our coats under our heads for pillows, and our guns under the coats, and turn in. Of course we cannot take off anything but our coats and boots. We wake up in the middle of the night with the rain on our faces. I put my broad hat over my face, turn over, and go to sleep again.

August 24, 1897.

We are up at five o'clock. Half an hour later I am on the trail. There are several others on the trail with their

AN INCIDENT OF THE SKAGWAY TRAIL.



BOG-HOLE BETWEEN THE SUMMIT AND PORCUPINE RIDGE.

packs. Everybody, no matter how dirty or tired, would give any price for a photograph of himself, "just to send back home to show what I am like." The men imagine their friends would be surprised to see them begrimed and unshaven and muddy under their packs.

We cross the Skagway on another corduroy bridge, where a fine view up and down the valley is to be had. Near here a considerable stream of water comes down, probably from some glacier hidden in the clouds that hug the tops of the mountains, and before it is half-way down it divides into several more streams. The dullest or least sentimental man on the trail cannot but stop to admire this beautiful sight. From this bridge the trail follows the valley of the Skagway; the trail is level now, the ground being flat and boggy.

I went to within six or seven (estimated) miles of the summit, and, as it was raining, put in at the tent of three hardy fellows whom I had seen the first day at Skagway, and who were down after feed for their two horses. They had been two weeks on the trail. They tell me one of their horses is played out this side of Porcupine.

"He fell over a bank forty or fifty feet, and was on the trail next day all right, but he must have been hurt inside. He's all shot to h—l now."

Two of them go back, and return before night. They report having shot the horse. They had a little fun at first by saying they had sold the horse for a hundred and twenty-five dollars.

"Of course we told him we couldn't recommend the horse, but it was a *horse!*"

This does not seem unreasonable to us, as any kind of a "*horse*" brings whatever one asks for it. At length one of the boys says: "No; we offered it to a man for ten dollars. He said he didn't want it. Then we offered to give it to him. He said he didn't want it even at that price. Then we asked him for a gun to shoot it with, and he lent us a revolver and we shot it."

I saw one of these men afterwards. He told me he had sold their other horse, as they found that it was cheaper to pack their own goods on their own backs than to carry [illegible]eed the eight or nine miles from Skagway. A horse is now carrying hardly more than a hundred pounds. A few horses are passing along in the rain. One or two immense oxen go by loaded with three hundred and more pounds. It is astonishing what they will carry. And then, when they are there, they can be killed and eaten. Doubtless a horse can be eaten also, but most people have preferences.

Every one is downhearted here. So near the summit, yet so great has been their struggle that hardly one expects to get in at all, but is discussing seriously the best place to winter. Said one: "I mean to go in if it takes all winter. If a man can hunt and gets a caribou he need not mind it."

None of them feel like going back, but most of them regret having started. All of them blame the misrepresentation about the trail, and there are many anxious inquiries about how it is at Dyea.

The trail along the bed of the river is a continuous mire, knee-deep to men and horses. Here and there is a spot where a spring branch crosses the trail, and in such spots, which are twenty to thirty feet across, there is simply no bottom. One such hole is beside our camp. Of the first train of five horses and three men that I saw go by, three horses and two men got in, and with difficulty got out. After that every horse went in to his tail in the mud, but, after desperate struggles, got upon solid ground. There are worse holes than this. The trail is said to cross the river by two more bridges, and then to continue on to the summit by a road equally bad, but no worse than what we have come over. Past the summit no one seems to know anything of the trail, only that a few persons have got through, including two or three women. The men are discontented. The trail is all but impassable, yet some are plugging along. These men, it is predicted, will lose their horses, at this rate, in three or four days. Some say that something must be done to the trail; that they are willing to put in work, but are not willing that others should not quit and help also.

There is no organization, no common interest. The selfish are crowding on, every man for himself. Unless something is done, and done soon, the trail will be blocked, and then no one will get through.

"It's no use going *around* these mud-holes," says one of my fellows. "The swamp is all alike. The only thing to do is to make corduroy bridges every foot of the way before there will be a trail. I am willing to start to-morrow and bridge these holes above here."

No wonder they are discouraged. Rain, rain, all the time—no sunshine up in these mountains; their tent pitched in a mud-hole, their bed made on the stumps of bushes, their blankets and everything wet and muddy. They are trying to dry out a hair-seal cap and some socks before a miserable fire. The very wood is wet, and will only smoke and smoulder.

August 25, 1897.

I remain all night in their tent, and early this morning set out to come back. I have seen enough of the trail to know what it is like. I should like nothing better than to be able to go on to and past the summit; but my goods are at Dyea—indeed, as things go in this country, I cannot be sure that I have any goods left at all.

Concerning which, one trifling but characteristic incident occurred that has almost slipped my mind. When I returned from Dyea, after taking my goods over, I went to the tent, and found that a steer had run away and kicked some sparks from a fire against the back of the tent where some of my personal effects were, and had burned out half the end of the tent before kind neighbors extinguished it. It was not put out, however, until the fire had burned the cover and part of the leather off my camera, yet without hurting the camera. It had destroyed the tripod cover without touching the tripod; it had burned the gun-case without hurting the rifle; it had burned some twenty pages of my diary, but had taken the back instead of the front leaves. The only actual loss was a few envelopes. One's property is not safe a moment out of one's eye.

I have made careful inquiry about the loss of horses on the trail. The number is probably about twenty actually killed, with considerably more badly hurt or temporarily laid up. Each day now about four horses are being killed. The number is bound to increase as the trail grows worse (which is nearly impossible), and the horses grow weak under the strain and lack of care. When the sun and rains of summer shall have melted the snow of Chilkoot, the White Pass trail will be paved with the bones of horses, and the ravens and foxes will feast as never before until the white man sought a new way across the great mountain. As many horses as have gone in alive on the White Pass trail, so many will bleach their bones by the pine-trees and in the gulches—for none will come out.

A little while ago contracts were taken at twenty, then twenty-five, cents a pound through. Just now six hundred and fifty dollars was paid for a thousand pounds, while a thousand dollars was offered, and refused by a certain outfit, to take a thousand pounds over. Yesterday a horse deliberately walked over the face of Porcupine Hill. Said one of the men who saw it:

"It looked to me, sir, like suicide. I believe a horse will commit suicide, and this is enough to make them; they don't mind the hills like they do these mud-holes." He added, "I don't know but I had rather commit suicide too than be driven by some of the men on this trail."

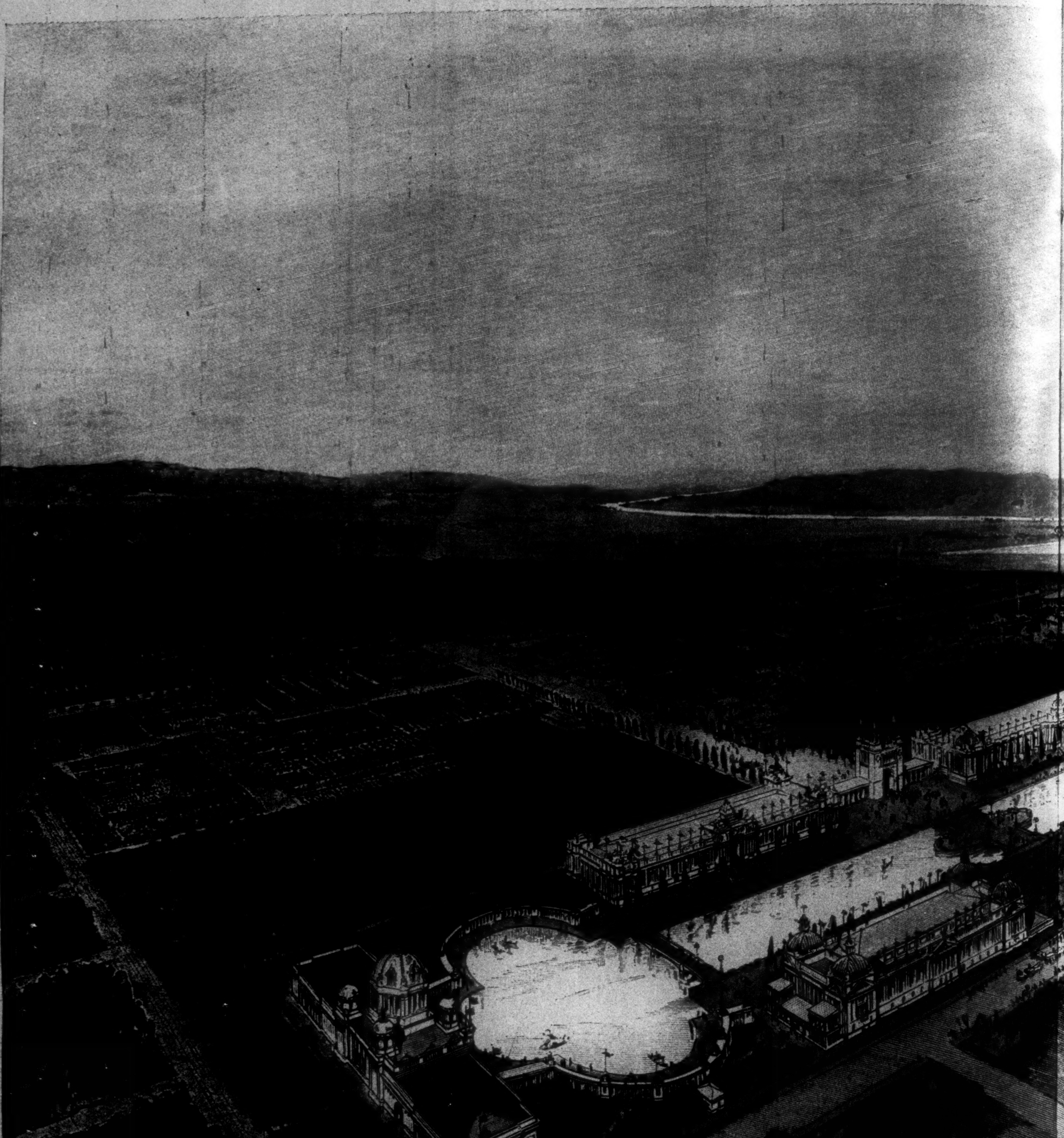
Here is what one hears all along the trail: "We brought a boat with us, but we shed it at Skagway. It cost us twenty-seven dollars in Seattle, and we sold it for three-fifty, and were glad to get rid of it."

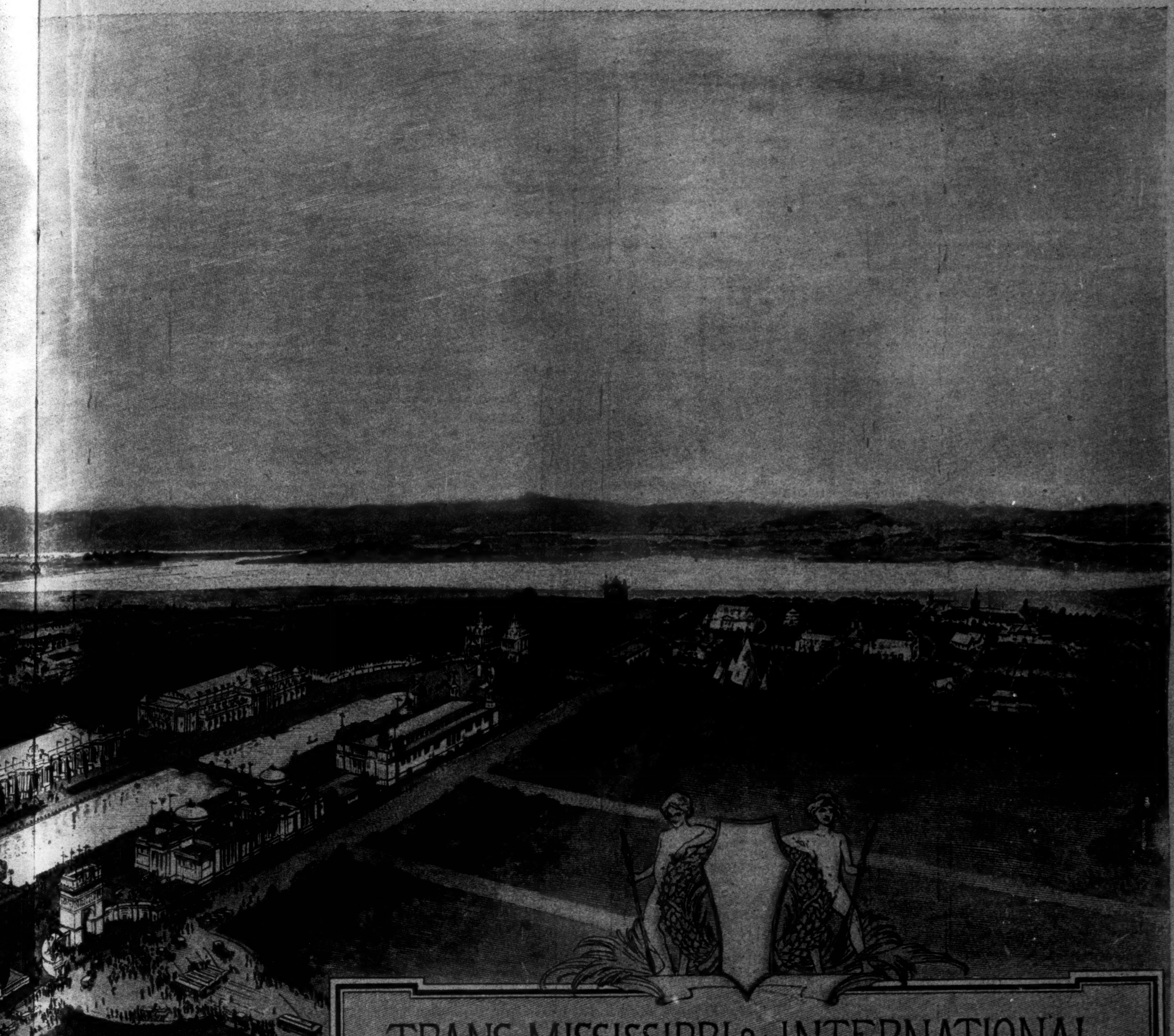
Yet two Peterboro canoes are now on their way to the summit. I saw them myself, as well as a man packing along in the rain with a load of boat lumber on his shoulder, so long that the wonder is how it ever got around the turns on Porcupine Ridge.

Word is brought down the trail that one man, who was so fortunate as to get over and had his boat built and ready loaded, went to sleep, and in the morning awoke to find that the boat had been stolen and was on its way down the Yukon. Surely that is hardship, yet it is only one incident out of many. The history of this trail is yet to be written, and will only be heard by the fireside of old men.

On the way back, groups of men are met who have ceased packing and are mending the road. There is some talk of the trail being closed. Further on the rumor is verified. Groups of men in charge of foremen are chopping down trees and building corduroy roads over the worst mud-holes and over the most dangerous por-

ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE TRAIL.





See Page 1082.

tions of the rocks. The manner of building is to take two string-pieces, lay them side by side four feet apart, then lay half-round logs across, and hold these down by two more string-pieces pegged down solidly. In places they have built piles of wood over the bodies of dead horses that have become offensive, and these are being consumed.

Between Porcupine and the Foot of the Hill the whole road is being systematically and substantially put in order. Not a horse nor a man with a pack is allowed to pass the Foot of the Hill. One man who attempted to pass got roughly handled. He was threatened with the black spot and all the Irish curses of the boss of the gang. His excuse was that he had a tent up the road, and was merely getting back home. At the Foot of the Hill a rope is stretched across the trail, and several committee-men of the miners stand guard and rigidly enforce the rule that no man with a pack must pass over for the space of three days; by that time, it is believed, the trail will be fixed. There was a miners' meeting last night, at which the trail was declared closed. The town at the Foot of the Hill was at the same time officially named "Camp Edgemont."

Two men came through from Dawson a few days ago. No one knew it until after they had left for Seattle except the doctor who keeps the little apothecary shop at Skagway. He told me about it while measuring out some quinine pills:

"I saw the two boys come by, and I recognized them as from my town, and called them by name, and asked them if they had come down the trail. They said they had, and I asked them in. They came in, and one of them helped the other off with his pack. I noticed it seemed very heavy, so I came right out plump: 'How much dust have you got?' 'Dust?' they said; 'that's our grub.' 'Oh, now,' said I, 'you might as well tell me how much you've got!' Well, they made me promise not to tell they were there until after they had got away. They opened up, and showed me eighty-five pounds of dust; the biggest lump was as big as my thumb. They came up by boat to the White Horse Rapids, and afoot the rest of the way. They told me that they threw the sack of dust down fifty times, not caring if they ever picked it up."

Fifty men might come through and no one would know it. No man knows his neighbor, nor seems to care. Speak to a man once or twice, and every one calls him your "pardner." The better class of men resent this expression; it is decidedly too familiar and vulgar—about as if a stranger should address you as "Shorty." It is the regular thing here, however, and is no more of a lie than our expression "my friend."

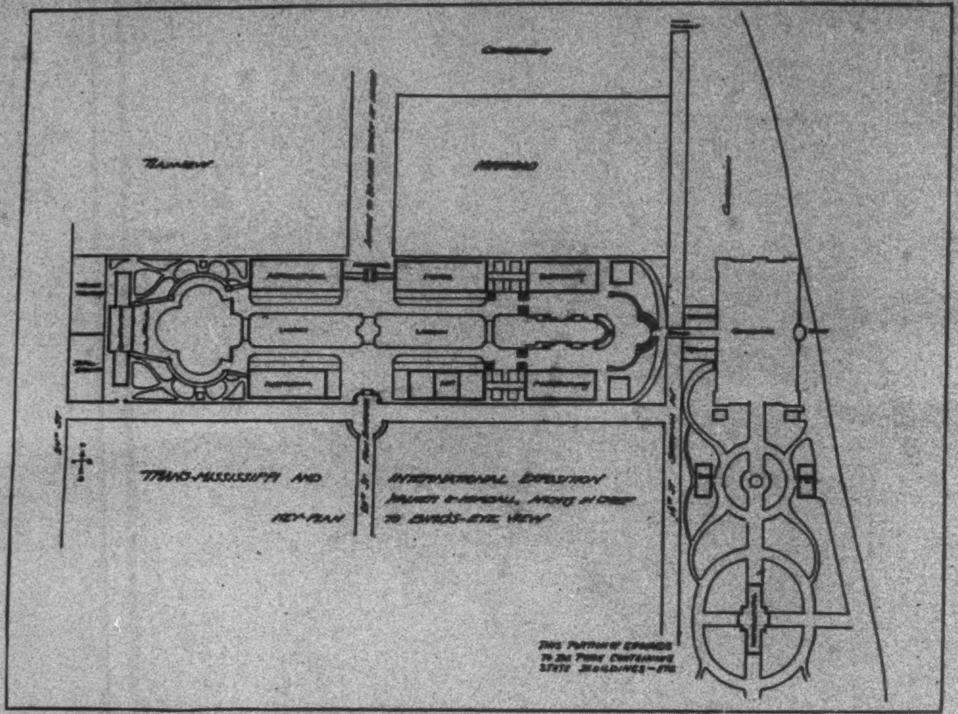
In the two or three days that have elapsed since I went in on the trail Skagway has undergone further transformation. The "Pack Train" is housed in an imposing frame building, where the bad whiskey continues to be sold over a bar more like the real thing. A dozen new wooden buildings have gone up, and more are begun.

With the shutting down of the trail, Mr. Scovel, the correspondent of the *World*, stepped in with an offer of a ton of dynamite for blasting, a hundred drills, and about the same number of sledge-hammers and crowbars. A wagon has just gone in with the powder, and experienced foremen are also being paid to go in and take charge of the rock gangs, while the others work at bridge-making with their axes. It is hoped that by this means the road will be made permanently fit for travel. The future of the White Pass trail depends upon this, likewise the fate of hundreds of men who have put every dollar into the trail, and who, if they do not get through, will be ruined. Many are saying that it is all now a big bunco game played on innocent people by those who own town sites and are interested in keeping the trail closed and people here. This may be true; but it would seem a short-sighted policy, for if the trail continues to have a bad name (as it certainly has now), these town lots will have little value. On the other hand, it is claimed that while the trail is already doomed, if a railroad is put through, Skagway may become and continue to be an important town.

The *Bristol*, after many delays, amid angry mutterings from the victims of wild-cat enterprise, has unloaded her goods. Jim has gone over to Dyea, so there is nothing left but to follow.

TAPPAN ADNEY.

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXHIBITION AT OMAHA.



THE great Trans-Mississippi Exhibition, which is to open its gates at Omaha on June 1, 1898, will be the largest and most important in the series of what may be called "sectional exhibitions" that have been held in this country since the Columbian World's Fair at Chicago. It will be, moreover, the first to apply in a thorough manner the noble lesson of artistic unity that made the Chicago exhibition the greatest success of its kind, and in this fact will lie its charm for the country at large. The opportunity to live through another enchanting day-dream—to experience, in no small degree, not exactly a repetition of the glories of the White City, but a revival of its spirit in a new and delightful incorporation of the artistic ideas that dominated at Jackson Park—is one that will surely be welcomed by thousands of Americans next summer and autumn. The influence of Chicago was manifest in many ways at San Francisco, Atlanta, and Nashville, and Nashville furnished the nearest approach to the model in excellence of results. But in all three the manifestations were fragmentary and detached, evident in details alone, always lacking the coherence, the unity, that lay at the very foundation of the Chicago achievement.

At Omaha, very fortunately, the central idea of the Chicago exhibition was adopted at the start and made the basis of the entire scheme. Mr. Frederic Law Olmsted, it will be remembered, was intrusted with the designing of the general plan; working in entire harmony with his ideas were the various architects, with Mr. C. H. Burnham as director of construction, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of carrying the masterly conception into faithful execution. As at Chicago, the Omaha exhibition is based upon a central and integral artistic conception finding expression in harmonious subordination of every detail to the dominating idea. At the outset Messrs. Walker and Kimball of Boston and Omaha were appointed architects-in-chief, uniting the functions which at Chicago were respectively intrusted to Messrs. Olmsted and Burnham. Mr. Charles Howard Walker, of Boston, through an intimate association with Mr. Olmsted in various practical matters, may, in a certain sense, be called a pupil of that master, and his work at Omaha has been guided by the same spirit that gave shape to Jackson Park, while his associate, Mr. Kimball of Omaha, sympathetically directs the execution of the work. The architects-in-chief were intrusted with the designing of the plan, the selection of the architects for the various leading buildings, and the execution of the architectural details that should connect and unite the several structures of the central scheme.

While the leading motive of the Columbian exhibition was that of a group of monumental buildings arranged about a formal "Court of Honor," surrounded by a landscape of natural character which played an important part in the design, the conditions of the Trans-Mississippi Exhibition site make it necessary that the landscape element constitute but a minor feature, the formal portion of the scheme dominating the whole. The conditions were established by the importance of considering the main approach to the site as the transverse axis in the design, whose central feature accordingly took shape as a long canal-like lagoon, or basin, forming the longitudinal axis, and surrounded by the chief buildings of the exhibition. This basin is crossed at the centre by Twentieth Street, a broad and stately thoroughfare running from the city to the exhibition grounds, and crossing the latter to suburbs beyond. Altogether the ground area for the exhibition constitutes about 200 acres, divided in three irregular sections; the arena of the exhibition occupying a rectangular strip 720 feet wide and a half-mile long.

The plan having been made and adopted, the architects who had been invited to design the various buildings were furnished with the scale of dimensions and proportions necessary to a harmonious result, and requested to meet at Omaha at a certain date, bringing the approved sketches. Their conferences proved a repetition of the delightful experiences enjoyed by the architects who came together at Chicago in a similar cause. All were men representing the best phases of their art in this country, thoroughly trained in the great schools and in the master houses, and purely artistic in spirit. Limited in this work only by the list of measurements and proportions given them, together with the material to be employed and the general style to be followed—a free Renaissance—they were otherwise left entirely free to follow their individual preferences in their designs. They surrendered themselves to their tasks with the fresh enthusiasm of their student days, giving material form to their youthful dreams of architectural delights under the guidance of matured judgments formed in the schooling of practical work. Acting in unison, their aim was to shape their designs in a way that—in producing a rich and harmonious *ensemble*, and thus causing each structure to enhance the beauty of each and all of its neighbors—would enable each artist to show the best of which he was capable. Thus once more we have an evidence of the possibilities of united effort guided by the enlightened spirit of emulation, the work of each individual showing for the best through its harmonious adjustment to environment, rather than in endeavors at self-assertion by overshadowing and overpowering one another's creations. If only a modern city could be built under like conditions!

The Fine Arts Building was assigned to Eames and Young of St. Louis, the Manufactures and Liberal Arts to S. S. Beman of Chicago, the Agricultural to Cass Gilbert of St. Paul, the Mines and Mining to J. J. Humphreys of Denver, the Machinery and Electricity to Dwight Perkins of Chicago, the Auditorium to Fisher & Laurie of Omaha, and the Horticultural Building to Charles F. Blendorff of Omaha. All of these structures are grouped about the grand basin, with the exception of the Horticultural, which is the central feature of the section of the grounds near the river, where various smaller buildings, including those of several States, are grouped. In addition the United States Government Building, which occupies the place of honor at the head of the basin, is the work of Mr. Crane, one of the most talented of the assistants in the Supervising Architect's department at Washington. Besides the various important unifying details, the architects-in-chief design the Administration Building, the entrance arch, and the two restaurant buildings.

At the main entrance, Twentieth Street expands into a great circular plaza, where the trolley-cars and other conveyances land their passengers. Here is the great entrance arch dedicated to the twenty-three trans-Mississippi States and Territories, whose Commercial Congress, held in Omaha two years ago, originated the exhibition. This arch, decorated with the arms of the States, is to be of stone, and will stand as a permanent monument when the exhibition is over, forming the entrance to a handsome park of ten acres to be located here. Beyond the arch the grand basin is spanned by a handsome stone bridge, also a permanent structure, for a portion of the basin is to be retained in the park as an ornamental piece of water, formal in design. Opposite stands the stately Administration Building, in the shape of an arch and tower, giving entrance to the grounds from the opposite side. It was felt that a dome in this place would oppress the lower-lying domes of the neighboring structures, and therefore this building was given a peaked pyramidal roof, with pinnacles, adorned in light and rich efflorescence. This long basin has the same dimensions as the transverse canal of the Court of Honor at Chicago. In the flanking architecture the motive is to produce a brilliant scenic effect, analogous to that of a theatre stage with its wings; the buildings have therefore been designed as much as practicable with colonnades, giving "in and out" alternations, so to speak, with large and luminous shadow spaces and frequent accents of sparkling high-lights.

As at Chicago, the color scheme will be harmonious; although instead of being a "White City," the intent is to produce a Pompeiian aspect, with warm, brilliant surfaces, the projecting features of the architecture, however, for the most part kept in a warm ivory white. The façades on either side of the long basin converge gradually towards the west, creating a false perspective and materially heightening the effect of distance; this effect will also be enhanced by the termination of the canal at this end in a broad trefoil-shaped basin 400 feet wide, the expansion of the water surface behind the flanking architecture giving the impression of indefinite lateral extension. The westward vista ends at the United States Government Building, with its lofty dome, an edifice of superb design—quite in contrast with its predecessor at Chicago.

At the easterly end, towards the Missouri, the basin terminates in amphitheatrelike architecture with a gradual ascent, carrying the vision unconsciously upward to a high aerial perspective between the twin restaurant towers, with nothing visible beyond but sky, and creating here also the impression of indefinite distance. The basin is surrounded by a broad promenade or track, where a service of motor-carriages will give a convenient transit system about the grounds. The trefoil lake before the National Government Building will be the scene of fireworks, and there will be room for many thousands of spectators about and upon the surrounding colonnade. On the canal there will be aquatic processions and other festivities.

The grounds bordering the Missouri River will receive parklike treatment at the hands of Mr. Ulrich, who was an assistant to Mr. Olmsted at the Columbian Exhibition. Between the central ground at the river this section will form a large open expanse or concourse, and forty thousand people can easily be seated about the great music pavilion on the bluff, where there is a grand panoramic view up and down the Missouri. To the southward of this, around the Horticultural Building, numerous attractions will be located; among them an ethnological exhibit in a huge wigwam, 300 feet high, surrounded by an Indian encampment. In this section will also be the dairy, poultry, and apiary exhibits.

North of the central section will be live-stock and agricultural exhibits, etc., including a large area showing growing crops under irrigation, illustrating the agricultural capabilities of the semi-arid West. It is promised that the amusement section will be richer in attractions than the famous Midway Plaisance at Chicago. Among the mechanical novelties will be a "giant umbrella," raising passengers 300 feet, and revolving them in a circle 250 feet in diameter. There will also be an exhibit of aeronautical devices. An area will be reserved for a race-course, athletic sports, and competitive tournaments. Back of the United States Government Building will be an encampment of Federal troops, and near the trefoil lake will be a life-saving exhibit, with daily demonstrations on the water.

The States and Territories represented in this exhibition number more than half of the units in the Federal Union; they have an area of 2,000,000 miles square, and in the past quarter-century their population nearly trebled, approximating 20,000,000 to-day.

SYLVESTER BAXTER.

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM Megalopolis Karitena was only four hours' march, and Nicholas was anxious to force the pace so as to reach it early next morning, before news of their approach should have reached it. The Megalopolis men were as untrained as his own, but they knew the country better, and he organized out of them a sort of skirmishing party who should go in advance and intercept any fugitives who might carry the news of the march into Karitena. The only chance of taking it was if he could find it unprepared, like Kalamata, and creep up to it at night, and either make a night assault or draw his lines round it before he could be attacked.

Like Kalamata, the town was pregnable only from one side, but on this the road ran steeply up to the gate parallel with the citadel wall, thus exposing the attacking party to a broadside fire if the besieged were prepared. They were, in fact, more than prepared—they were expectant—and Nicholas fell into a very neatly executed trap.

The skirmishing party had started a little before sunset, while the others were to set out soon after, so as to reach the town by midnight or before, if possible make a night attack, or, if not, take up their places so that when morning dawned the citadel might find itself beleaguered. But the skirmishers, exceeding Nicholas's instructions, had gone too far, and were seen from Karitena, and all that night the Turks made preparations for a carefully planned assault on the morrow. However, Nicholas arrived about midnight, and finding everything quiet, and hearing nothing from the skirmishing party which could lead him to think that Karitena was prepared, reconnoitred the ground, and decided not to attack it by night, for the gate was strong and well fortified, and without artillery of some kind would not quickly be forced; and he returned to the men and gave orders for the disposal of the troops. Those who were most trustworthy, consisting of the greater part of the Argive corps, were posted along the road, and to guard the bridge over the Alpheus which led to Tripoli; he placed the less trained soldiers to the north and south, where there was less likelihood of attack. He himself remained with the rawer troops, where his presence was more likely to be needed than with the Argives, whom he thought he could trust.

Morning came clear and bright, and Nicholas, on foot early, went forward a little to see if there was yet any sign of movement in the citadel; and advancing to where he could see the gate, he observed that it was open, and that a couple of Turks driving mules were coming down the path. This was an unexpected opportunity; surely they could storm the place out of hand and have done with it, and, going back to the men, he ordered an advance at once. The Argive troops were the vanguard, then followed the small band from Megalopolis, after them the main body, which he led himself. In a quarter of an hour all was ready, and, the Argive troops leading the way, they advanced at a double up the steep path.

Then, when they were streaming up under the walls, the Turks showed that they were quite prepared to receive them. A storm of musketry fire opened on them from the length of the wall, and, like troops unaccustomed to fire, they did the worst thing possible, and stopped to return it instead of advancing. This was hopeless, for their assailants were completely sheltered behind the fortifications, and the Greek fire only chipped off pieces of mortar and stone from the walls, and after losing several minutes and many lives, they pressed on again gallantly enough towards the gate, which still stood open. This brought the main part of the army with Nicholas under fire, but they were now moving rapidly forward, and he still hoped that they would be able to get in. But the fire had a demoralizing effect on these raw recruits, who had seen nothing of fighting but the pillaging of defenceless farm-houses, and as they were shot down one after another, they too wavered. Once the first three ranks stopped and would have turned to run, but Nicholas, smiling and cheerful, shouted out:

"This way, boys—this way! We shall soon be past this little shower, and then comes our turn."

His voice, and the words which, in the Greek, contained a somewhat coarse but popular joke, had the right effect, and they doubled on again to close up the gap between them and the vanguard. But those few minutes had been expensive, and it was marvellous how these men faced all the horrors of a well-directed fire, the sudden shriek, the involuntary cry of overwhelming physical pain, or, hardly less horrible, the sudden striking out of life into death; and Nicholas, looking back on the thinned ranks, the terror-struck faces, but the determined advance, thought gleefully, "These are brave men, and this is what they require."

By this time the Argives had very nearly reached the gate, but then came the second part of the Turks' strategy. Quite suddenly from inside poured out a band of cavalry, some five hundred in number, who rode full speed down on them. The Argives stopped, and attempting to make the best of a hopeless job, the front ranks opened fire, and a few Turks fell. But the charge came on, the two met with a crash, and the inevitable happened. The ranks broke, and the men poured down off the road on to the steep slope below like water. Resistance was not possible, and the cavalry came on, hewing their way through the congested mass of men. In the mean time the firing from the walls went on steadily. Nicholas, seeing what had happened, knew that it was hopeless to try to face this, and with a fine wisdom, though deadly bitter, did the best thing.

"Save yourselves!" he cried. "Run!"

And they turned and fled down the road again, the Turkish cavalry in their rear, hewing, hacking, and discharging their pistols. The rout was complete; each man ran as fast as he could go, while the cavalry, like a swarm of stinging wasps, flew hither and thither, opening out as they reached the plain, and chasing the men as they fled, singly or in batches of five or six.

Luckily for the Greeks, the mountains came down close to the plain here, and they struck for them desperately across the narrow strip of level land, for there the cavalry could not easily follow them, or only man to man. Nicholas, running down the slope for the road, tripped in a bush, as it turned out luckily for him, for a sabre at that moment swung over the place where his head would have been, and the Turk, not waiting to attack him singly when there were many little knots of men among whom he could pick and choose, rode on, leaving him; and Nicholas, who had sprained his ankle slightly as he fell, plunged into the brushwood, where he could not so easily be followed. His rifle he had thrown away, for it impeded his flight, and he was already some distance behind the others, who were, however, going in the right direction, towards Valtetzi, where Petrobey had told them the camp would be.

But though the rout had been complete and utter, and Nicholas was far from disguising the fact from himself, he was filled with an unexpected exultation at the way the troops had behaved for those two or three moments which try the courage of any man when he is being fired at and cannot return the fire. To be shot at when a man may shoot in return and the chances are even is known to be strangely exhilarating, but to be shot at and not to shoot is cold matter for the heart. They had been through the baptism of fire under the most trying circumstances, and, with the exception of that one moment of wavering, had stood their ground till they were told to stand no longer.

He crept painfully up the hill-side all alone, but the pursuit was past, and the cavalry, he could see, were returning across the plain to the town, knowing it was useless to pursue further. That fatal road up to the gate was strewn with corpses, almost all Greek, and only a handful of Turks and horses. Other horses, however, were careering riderless about the plain, and Nicholas, with his aching foot, thought how convenient it would be if he could get one.

A quarter of a mile away he could see two or three of the men trying to capture one of these, but they only succeeded in frightening it, and it bolted up towards the hill where Nicholas was, and a couple of minutes later he saw it burst through the first belt of trees and halt on a piece of open ground below him. There it stopped, and in a minute or so began cropping at the short-growing grass. Its bridle, he could see, was over its head, trailing on the ground.

Now Nicholas was an Odysseus of resource, and having lived in the open air all his days, and having shrewd wits, which he always kept about him, he knew the ways of beasts and birds, and could imitate their calls to one another; and, furthermore, his foot ached and burned, and not wishing to walk more than he could help, he preferred that this horse should come to him, rather than that he should go to the horse. It was about a hundred yards from him, but a long way below, and it was grazing quietly. So Nicholas, to make it alert, and also to assist in bringing it nearer him, took up a pebble, and with extreme precision threw it over the horse, so that it fell on the far side of him. The animal, startled by the noise, stopped grazing and started off at a trot in the direction away from where the pebble had seemed to come, and directly towards Nicholas. After a few yards, however, it stopped again, and Nicholas whinnied gently. At that it looked up again, and sniffed the air, but before it had begun eating again he whinnied once more, and then lay flat down on his back. In a moment the horse answered, and Nicholas called to it a third time, and he heard from below that it had left the open and was pushing towards him through the trees. Once again he called, and the answer came nearer, and in a few moments the horse appeared, ambling quickly up the steep incline. For a moment it did not see Nicholas, for he lay flat on the ground, half covered by the bush; but when it did, seeing he lay quite still, it came close to him and sniffed round him. Then, quietly reaching out a hand, he caught the bridle as it trailed on the ground.

This was satisfactory, for, besides getting a mount, he had acquired a pistol which was stuck into its case on the saddle, and getting up, he pushed the horse forwards through the trees. Half an hour's ride brought him into a bridle-path high on the mountain-side, and he halted here to take his bearings. Straight in front of him, and not an hour's ride distant, stood the huddled roofs of a village, which he took to be Serrica, but at present he could only see a few of the outlying houses. But at the thought that this was Serrica his heart thrilled within him, for it was the village from which his wife had come. A wonderful return was this for him; already the work of avenging her death had begun, and soon, please God, should a Turk be slain for every hair of her head. Ah! the accursed race who had brought dishonor to her and to him—a wound that would never be healed! Helen, too—little Helen, who ran towards him, crying, "Father, father!" Yes; her father heard her voice still; she should not cry in vain!

He turned off the path in order to reconnoitre. His heart pulled him thither, yet for that very reason he would be cautious and not risk his ultimate vengeance. From the slope above it he watched for ten minutes more, and seeing no movement or sign of life in the village, concluded that here, too, the Greeks had risen, and after driving out the Turks, had gone either to Petrobey or to Kalavryta. And as he looked he saw that a dozen houses at one spot were roofless, showing charred beams pointing up to the sky; they had been burnt. At the end stood the church dedicated to the Mother of God, and oh, the bitterness of that! It was there he had been married; from that door he had walked away with the dearest and fairest of women, the happiest man in Greece.

Nicholas hesitated no longer; it was still an hour before noon, and he did not care to travel during the day. He would go down once more to the place; he would see it all again, and lash himself into an even keener anguish and a keener lust for vengeance; and making his horse go quickly down the crumbling hill-side, in ten minutes more he stood at the straggling village street. There was the house—her house—just in front of him, and he went there first. The door was standing open, and inside he found, as Mitsos had found at Mistra, the signs of a sudden departure. His brother-in-law, to whom the house belonged, must have gone to Petrobey or Kalavryta—probably the latter—and the thought was wine to him. Husband and brother—a double vengeance; and his should be the work of three men.

He had not eaten that day, but he soon found bread, meat, and wine, and after stabling his horse and eating, he went out again to the church. Every step seemed a tearing open of the wound, yet with every step his heart was fed with fierce joy. Ah, no! Helen should not call in vain!

The church door was open, and he entered. It had not altered at all in those twenty years since he had seen it last. Over the altar hung a rude early painting showing the Mother of God, and nestling in her arms the wondrous Child; in front the remote kings did obeisance, behind stood the ox and the ass in the manger. And casting himself down there, in an agony bitter sweet, he prayed with fervor and faith to the Mother of the Divine Child. All the hopes and the desires of years were concentrated into that moment, and he offered them up humbly, yet as his best, to the Lord and the Handmaid of the Lord. Then, in his excitement and his ecstasy as he gazed on that rude picture with streaming eyes, it seemed to him that a sign of acceptance, visible and immediate, was given him. A light as steadfast but softer than the sun grew and glowed round the two figures, the rough craft of the artist was glorified, and on the face, so human yet so divine, there came a sudden graciousness; it was touched with a pitiful sympathy for him, and the eyes smiled acceptance of his offering. Bowed down by so wonderful a pity, he hid his face in his hands, faith struck fear from his heart, and in that moment he felt that he had not prayed alone, that his wife had knelt by him, and that it was her prayers mingled with his that had brought for him this sign of the divine favor of his work.

That night, as soon as the sun had gone down and the way grew dark, he went on his journey with a soul refreshed and strengthened; he felt that the vow he had made over the dead body of his wife had been attested and approved by Christ and the Mother of Christ, and from that hour to the end of his life never for a day did that gracious vision, like bread from Heaven, fail to sustain and strengthen him. And all through the clear spring night the hosts of heaven that rose and wheeled above him were ministering spirits, and the wind that passed cool and bracing over the hill-side the incense which carried his prayer upwards. He to whom vengeance belonged had chosen him as His humble but willing agent; his sword was the sword of the Lord.

He crossed the first range of hills by midnight, and then struck the road which led by the khan where Mitsos and Yanni had stopped on their way from Tripoli. It was now only two hours to day, but seeing a light in the windows, he drew rein to inquire whether Anastasis had seen anything of the other fugitives. Looking in cautiously through the windows, he saw that the floor was covered with Greeks, who lay sleeping, while Anastasis, good fellow, was serving others with hot coffee and bread.

Nicholas tied up his horse and went in. As he entered, several of the men in a group round the fire turned and looked to see who it was, instinctively clutching at their knives. Then one got hastily up, and his head was among the roof beams.

"Uncle Nicholas!" he cried. "It is you?"

"Who else should it be, little Mitsos, and what do you here?"

"Petrobey sent me down this morning to see if anything could be seen or heard of you, and when you did not come and we heard from the others what had happened, we were afraid, or almost afraid—"

"I am not so easily got rid of," said Nicholas. "Anastasis, I shall not forget that you were good to the fugitives. Yes, I will have some coffee."

Most of the men sleeping on the floor had awoke at the noise and were sitting up. Nicholas took a chair and began sipping his coffee.

"Little Mitsos," he said, aloud, "I do not know what the others may have told you has happened, but I will tell you what I saw. I saw a body of men who knew nothing of war stand steadily under a heavy fire because they were told to stand. I saw them go on under it when there was room to move, but not one did I see run away until I had to set the example and told them to run."

Mitsos grew rather red in the face.

"The cavalry charged on them, and from behind the fortifications came a hail of bullets. And I never desire," he said, striking the table with a great thump, "nor would it be possible, to command braver men."

Mitsos held out his hand to the man nearest him. "Christos, shake hands or knock me down," he said. "I eat my own words as one eats figs in autumn—one gulp."

"What have you been saying?" asked Nicholas.

"I said they were cowards to run away. Oh, but I am very sorry! They are bad words I am eating."

"Well, let there be no mistake, Mitsos," said Nicholas; "down they go."

Christos, a huge, broad-shouldered country Greek, looked up at Mitsos, grinning.

"There is no malice," he said. "I called you a liar."

"So you did, and there were nearly hard blows. Oh, we should have made a fine fight of it, for we are neither little men! But there will be no fighting now, unless you are wishful, for I will deny no one anything, now Uncle Nicholas has come. Why, you are lame, uncle! How did you get here?"

"I rode a fine Turkish horse," remarked Nicholas. "May I never ride a finer."

Mitsos's frank and unreserved apologies had quite restored the amiability of those present, who, when Nicholas had entered, were far from pleased, for Mitsos had made himself peculiarly offensive. But though he could not quite see how bravery was compatible with running away, Nicholas must be taken on trust.

Nicholas had fallen in with the last batch of fugitives. Since noon they had been streaming up the hills; only a few, apparently, were wounded, and these had been sent on on mules to the camp. Those who had been wounded severely, it was feared, must have fallen into the hands of the Turks, for there had been no possibility of escape except in flight. Altogether Nicholas reckoned that they

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"CASTING HIMSELF DOWN THERE, IN AN AGONY BITTER SWEET, HE PRAYED."

had lost three hundred men, and but for his own promptness in seeing the utter hopelessness of trying to stop the cavalry charge, they would have lost five times that number. Having satisfied himself on these points, he turned to Mitsos again.

"How about the ship, and when did you get back?"

"Two days after you left Taygetus," said Mitsos; and then, with a great grin, "There isn't any ship."

"Tell me about it; and I, too, afterwards, have something to tell."

Mitsos's story, which was, of course, news to all present, was received with great applause, though he left out that part of it which raised the exploit to a heroism, and Nicholas smiled on him when he had finished.

"It was well done," he said; "and I think, little Mitsos, that I, too, have friends who will, perhaps, aid me as they have aided you;" and he told them the story of his vision.

"And by this I know," he concluded, "that our work is a work which God has blessed, and, come what may, not for an hour will I shrink from it or flinch till it is finished, or till my time comes. Look, the east is already lightening. Get up, my lads, for we must push on to the camp."

In a quarter of an hour they were off, the men marching in good order as long as they kept the road, but falling out when they had to climb the rough hill-side. An hour's walking brought them to the top of the hills, and from a detached spur, standing alone and commanding the valley, they could see the lines of the fortifications which Petrobey was erecting. He himself seeing them coming while still far off, rode out to meet them, and Nicholas spurred his horse forward to meet him alone.

"Praise the Virgin that you have come, Nicholas!" he said, "for by this I know that there was no disgrace."

"You are right. Had there been disgrace I should not be here. But there was nothing but bravery among the men, and the disgrace, if so you think it is, is on my head." And he told him what had happened.

"They are brave men," said Petrobey, "and yet I think you are the braver for giving that order."

"I should have been a foolish loon if I had not," said Nicholas, laughing.

Since his arrival at the place Petrobey had seen its possibilities. The ground he had occupied was the top of a large spur of hill, going steeply down into the valley and commanding a good view of it. Its advantage was obvious, for cavalry, which at present they were particularly incompetent to meet, could not possibly attack them here, and also it would be most difficult for the Turks to get any of their big guns, of which there were several in Tripoli, to assault it. They knew that in that town there were at least ten six-pounders and certainly fifteen more nine-pounders, though since they had occupied this place, and found that the Turk had made no efforts whatever to attack them, Petrobey suspected, and as it turned out rightly, that they were not all serviceable. Furthermore, occupying Valtetzi, they cut off Tripoli from Kalamata, which was the nearest port, and which was, as Petrobey feared, insufficiently guarded by the troops he had left on Taygetus and the pass into Arcadia. However, by his occupation of Valtetzi there would be two passes to capture before they could send help to Tripoli, and, as he said, "They will be strong men if they take this."

Tripoli itself lay about eight miles to the northeast, and at present the whole body of men was occupied in fortifying the post they had taken. A village, largely Turkish, stood on the spot, and day by day the demolition of the houses went on from daybreak to nightfall, in order to use the materials in building up a defensive wall. The soldiers, meantime, as their barracks were converted into fortifications, substituted for them huts of poles woven in with osiers and brushwood, similar to those they used on Taygetus. The walls, it must be confessed, presented a curiously unworkmanlike aspect; here and there a course of regular square stones would be interrupted by a couple of Byzantine columns from the mosque, or the capital of a Venetian pillar in which a strange, human-faced lion looked out from a nest of conventional acorns and leaves. Further on in the same row would come a packet of roof tiles plastered together with mud, and a plane-tree standing in the line of the wall was pressed into the service, and supplied the place of a big stone for eight upward courses. Above that it had been sawn off, and the next section of the trunk, being straight, made a wooden coping for five yards of wall. Here a chimney-pot filled with earth and stones took its place among solider materials, and a hearth-stone placed on end, with two inches of iron support for the stewing-pot, stared foolishly out into vacancy. Then came a section which the builders had drawn from a richer quarry, and a fine slab of porphyry and two *rosso antico* pillars formed an exclusive coterie in the midst of rough blocks of limestone. But, though heterogeneous, the walls were stout and high, and nothing else mattered.

Inside, however, things presented a much more orderly and workmanlike appearance. The soldiers' huts, it is true, were small, but they would stand a good deal of rough weather, and the floors were shingled with gravel from a quarry close by. Two houses only had been kept, in one of which were stored the arms, in the other the ammunition, Petrobey and Nicholas, as before, occupying huts exactly like those tenanted by the common soldiers. The mules and herds of sheep and goats were driven out every day under an armed escort to pasture on the hills near, and penned to the south of the camp for the night. Food was plentiful and the men seemed content, for the booty already taken was very considerable.

In ten days more, before the end of April, the walls were complete, and Petrobey, following out the plan he had formed from the first, sent out countless skirmishing expeditions, who, marching by night, conducted useful though inglorious assaults against the Turkish villages scattered round Tripoli, the inhabitants of which, feeling secure in their neighborhood to the fortress, had not yet sought refuge within its walls. Men, women, and children alike were slain, the valuables seized, the flocks and herds driven up to the camp, and the villages burned. In such operations the losses of the Greeks were almost *nil*. Once or twice some houses defended by a few inside resisted the attack and fired upon them, in which case the assailants did not scruple to set light to the place, and in ten days more only heaps of smoking ruins remained of the little smiling villages which had been dotted about the plain.

Petrobey also established another small camp on the hills to the east of Tripoli to guard the road between it and the plain of Argos and Nauplia. They had already intercepted and had a small skirmish with troops coming from Nauplia there. The loss on the Greek side was about one hundred, on that of the Turks nearly two hundred, for when it came to hand-to-hand fighting the Greeks everywhere showed a marked superiority. On this occasion they had laid an ambush on both sides of the road, and opened fire simultaneously on the regiment as it passed. The Turks had with them a contingent of cavalry, but on the rocky and wooded ground they were perfectly useless; and the infantry, leaving the road, had driven the Greeks from their ground, though in the first attack they had lost severely.

But this readiness to retreat when necessary, and not waste either powder or lives over positions which were not important, was in accordance with the policy which Nicholas had indicated, and had been the first to put in practice at Karitena; and it was exactly this harassing guerilla warfare, in which cavalry could not be brought into play, in which attack was unexpected, and flight immediate upon any sign of a regular engagement, which quite nonplussed the Turks. Though at the beginning of the war their numbers exceeded those of the Greeks yet each engagement of the kind lessened them in a far greater proportion than the Greeks, who seemed, on the other hand, to be mustering fresh regiments every day. Had Petrobey at this period consented to give battle in the plains, it is probable that his army would have been wiped out if they had fought to a close, and it says much for his wisdom that he persisted in a policy which was tedious and distasteful to him personally. But the Greeks were acquiring every day fresh experience and knowledge, while the strength of the Turks, which lay in their admirable cavalry and their guns, was lying useless.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CYBELE ON A TRIUMPHAL CAR.

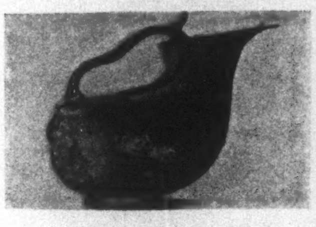
STATUE OF GETA.

STATUETTE OF EROS.

A CARICATURE.

HEAD OF MINERVA.

HEAD OF BACCHUS.



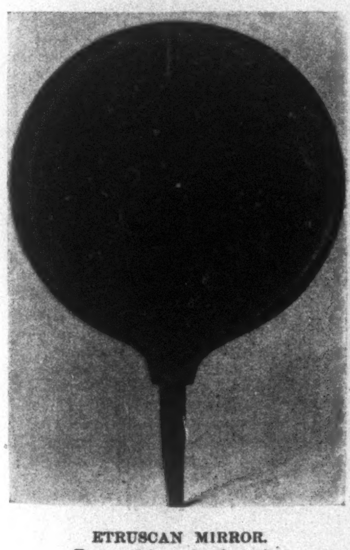
POMPEIAN PITCHER.

STATUETTE OF MERCURY.

STATUETTE OF VENUS WITH THE APPLE.

A ROMAN WOMAN.

STATUETTE OF APOLLO TYPE.



ETRUSCAN MIRROR.
Engraved by a Greek Artist.

POMPEIAN PITCHER.

TWO HANDLES OF A ROMAN VASE.

ETRUSCAN MIRROR.

FROM THE RECENT MARQUAND GIFT OF ANTIQUE BRONZES TO THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES BALLIARD.—[SEE PAGE 1088.]

SPAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

IT cannot be denied that a change has come over the minds of many Spaniards in regard to Cuba within the last twelvemonth. Men who would hardly have dared to mutter some censure against the waste of men and money in the West Indies now openly discuss and challenge the expediency, the possibility, of fresh sacrifices. Men who dreaded, above all, the idea of being branded with the charge of lack of patriotism, if they had presumed a year ago to question the utility of keeping ungrateful and disaffected colonies, now publish books, like Señor Alzola, an influential and well-known Conservative of Bilbao City, to review at length the advantages and disadvantages of the loss of Cuba, advocating even its loss if it is to cease being a market for Spanish exports; and the political and financial newspapers, the weeklies and reviews, dispassionately call the attention of the public to this work and to similar attempts to foreshadow the separation between mother-country and colony. It was only in private, and with an intimation that their statements would be disowned in public life and in social circles, that some far-sighted Spaniards, during the first two years of the present struggle, ventured to say that things were fast coming to a pass in which the nation would have to ask itself if Cuba was not saddling the mother-country with more burdens than the connection was worth. The same people, especially in financial and commercial classes, and among the hard-working middle classes that are the very sinews of the country—the men who do not dabble in politics, and are frequently more educated and enlightened than the professional politician and place-hunter—timidly and thoughtfully remarked that Spain had, after all, marvellously recovered from the loss of her colonies on the American main in the early part of the century, and need not, therefore, despair of her prospects in the Old World, even if she had some day to part with Cuba, however bitter and sharp might be the passing crisis of separation. In the governing classes, behind the scenes, in the intimacy of private conversation, it has not been uncommon for months to hear politicians and statesmen, military men and men of experience in colonial affairs, frankly, if regretfully, say that even if Spain comes out of this struggle with success and honor, she must make up her mind sooner or later to the inevitable outcome of the logic of events—that is to say, to the certainty that the majority of the Cubans will evolve independence out of autonomy, or any kind of more restricted self-government that Spain will give them. That it will come to pass is the gloomy confession—in the vernacular, "eso tiene que venir." It is indispensable to note, however, that all the Spaniards who are showing a disposition to look the realities of the situation in the face are at heart bowing only with reluctance to the force of circumstances and events; but if the final crisis came upon them suddenly, quickly, through foreign intervention, they would almost to a man resist it as proudly and as regardless of consequences as the rest of their fellow-countrymen.

The perceptible change slowly worked out by events is even more striking in the present attitude of the governing classes of Spain towards colonial home-rule. On the eve of the insurrection in 1893 and 1894, so few Spaniards were inclined to tolerate anything like home-rule in the colonies that the sagacious author of the first reform bill, Maura, was sacrificed by Sagasta, and the Liberal party agreed to the modifications in that very mild scheme which the Conservatives and other opponents of West-Indian self-government clamored for, until the Abarzuza bill of March 15, 1895, was drawn up as a patriotic compromise to rally the support of Spanish royalist parties, little as it satisfied the requirements and the aspirations of the colonies.

In the Conservative camp Cánovas had much trouble in inducing many of his adherents to assent to a policy that Romero Robledo and others publicly stigmatized as a suicidal course. Though everybody understood that the pressure of circumstances and the action of American diplomacy had obliged Cánovas to concede on paper reforms that General Weyler, given the conditions of the colony, would easily minimize to suit the convenience of the Cuban reactionary party, La Union Constitucional, and the interests of Spain, Sagasta did not wish to remain behind his great rival. He therefore made a public declaration to the effect that the Liberal party was ready to go as far as complete colonial autonomy if it was called to the councils of the Regency in time to repair the mistakes and the blunders of the Conservative party. The Queen Regent herself was known to have said to foreign ambassadors and to many Castilian statesmen that she had no personal objection to colonial home-rule as long as it implied no risk for the inheritance of her son that she wished to hand over to him intact when he comes of age, at sixteen, on May 17, 1902.

Whilst the *élite* of the statesmen and some generals were moving for state reasons towards radical measures, simply because they had a slight insight of the real state of things in the colony, and of the effect that this state of things was sure to have erelong on the relations of Spain with the United States, the nation at large remained in the dark so completely that only very recently have the majority of Spaniards awakened to a sense of the perils looming out on the horizon at home, in Cuba, and abroad. How could it be otherwise when they have been so systematically deceived by their rulers and so patriotically credulous? At every stage onwards they have been lured into hearty efforts and costly sacrifices by the official day-dreams of early results and approaching turns of the wheel of fortune. At the end of every rainy and unhealthy season—and three have passed by in succession—they have been assured that with more millions of dollars and another annual levy of 90,000 lads of nineteen they would come in sight of the goal of a nation's noblest aspiration, the pacification of Cuba, and keep their hold on the last shred of their once-upon-a-time "Empire of Las Americas." At the close of each fine season, that was to have helped their army to clear some if not all the provinces of Cuba of the rebel bands, when little or no progress had been made towards the desired and pompously announced termination of a cruel and senseless struggle, another mirage was placed before this strange people, who seem to be gifted with a Saracenic fatalism and stubbornness in their habit of hoping against hope for a turn in the long and weary path upon which they are treading so gamely and pluckily. Indeed, it was curious to note how public opinion seemed severe for the parents who devoted their lifelong hoards and savings—$16,000,000 in two years—to redeem their boys from service in the colonies, 53,830 in all, not so much on account of the dangers of campaigning as on account of the terrible climate, which has laid low forever more than twenty-five thousand men, and caused about forty thousand wretched invalids to be sent home with shattered constitutions, and in such a plight that no more touching and heart-rending sight can be imagined than the arrivals of the returning mail-steamers and extraordinary troop-ships, when three times a month at least the victims of yellow fever, anæmia, dysentery, and consumption are landed on the quays of Santander, Cadiz, Corunna, Barcelona. They come to seek rest and health in their father-land, and they tell melancholy tales of those left behind in the dark Manigua, in the virgin forests of the Pearl of the Antilles, in the crowded hospitals of the colony, where Inspector-General Losada reports from 20,000 to 26,000 on the sick-list out of the 140,000 men remaining of the 210,000 brave boy soldiers shipped across the Atlantic in thirty-one months. They tell also of the sick and wounded that were embarked homewards in so serious a condition that from ten to fifty were on an average consigned to the deep.

The nation very slowly discovered that the Cuban war was fast accumulating heavy engagements, the burden of which was sure to be laid in great part on the royal finance and royal budgets. As the government found ways and means for carrying on the war by operations of credit with the Bank of Spain, and by issues of stock, Cuban and Spanish, guaranteed by the imperial treasury, and the latter besides by a lien on Spanish customs revenue, people took time to understand how fast the war debt was accumulating, and how fast the proceeds of issues and operations of credit had been used up without covering anything like the total cost of the struggle. It will suffice to say that the Cortes had authorized the Minister for the Colonies to use $140,000,000 nominal of Cuban five-per-cent. bonds and two issues of $400,000,000 and $200,000,000 of Spanish customs-guaranteed bonds for the war expenses in Cuba. On July 1 the minister had used all the Cuban bonds except $8,600,000 nominal, the whole of the first issue of customs bonds, and half of the second issue, and six months' pay was due to army, navy, civil servants, pensioners, and army contractors in the colony, making arrears of $70,000,000. At first the government used part of the proceeds of the operations of credit and of the issues of bonds to cover both the expenses and the interest and amortization of the same up to July 1, 1897. This makeshift policy enabled the government to go on for two years and a half before it sprung upon the Spanish tax-payers this summer the unpleasant revelation that in the expenditure of the Spanish budget for 1897–8 must be included $18,200,000 for the interest and sinking-fund of only a part of the war debt, the $120,000,000 of customs-guaranteed bonds. If the war is prolonged at the present pace of $250,000 per diem, greater sacrifices will have to be asked of the Spanish tax-payers to meet the interest and sinking-fund of the $140,000,000 of Cuban five-per-cent. bonds and of all fresh issues necessary to complete the pacification of Cuba. This alarms public opinion and the press, as at last Spaniards recollect that before the insurrection the colonial treasury could not make both ends meet when the annual deficits averaged four million dollars in days when, besides the ordinary expenditure of the island, the Cuban debt of $150,000,000 and the floating debt of the colony did not require a yearly disbursement of more than $11,000,000 for the interest and sinking-fund out of a total budget of $26,000,000. Financial and tributary considerations tend to make the nation more anxious to attain a speedy pacification of Cuba.

The international aspects of the Cuban war have been concealed from the majority of Spaniards even more than the military and financial. It has unfortunately been the inveterate habit of the government to affect an optimism that was as little justified by facts in the foreign relations as in finance and war. The Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Duke of Tetuan, up to the very last of his long tenure of office, was as much to be blamed as his poor chief, Señor Cánovas, for this system of keeping away from the nation all data on the real state of affairs. Until facts and notes were in a roundabout way brought to the cognizance of the Spanish people, the Duke denied that European governments, consulted officially by himself and his representatives abroad on the welcome and support they would give the contemplated Spanish Memorandum in 1896, had all intimated that they were not disposed to go beyond purely platonic sympathy, and would never risk any alteration of the cordial relations they each and all desired to preserve with the United States, for their own interests, political or commercial. About the same intimation was courteously but very plainly given to the Madrid government again recently, when General Woodford, in the name of President McKinley, conveyed a communication which caused the Spanish Foreign Office to sound once more the dispositions of all the European powers, especially France, Russia, Italy, England, and even Germany and Austria. All this is kept from the majority of Spaniards, and hence the illusions in which they indulge when they imagine that the European powers, especially those having colonies yet in the New World, would assist Spain not only with their moral but with material aid, in the event of a conflict between the United States and the Madrid government in Cuba.

In the relations between the United States and Spain during the Cuban war these characteristics of the conduct of the Spanish Foreign Office and government have been even more striking. Whilst the press, echoing the feelings, the presentiments, the fears of the nation, was all the time keeping up the deep distrust, the suppressed indignation, the widespread hostility of all classes towards the country without whose assistance, moral and material, it was the common saying in Spain that the insurrection would not have begun, developed, lasted, the government, the Premier, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs never once in two years and a half ceased to affect stolid optimism. It can be comprehensible that state reasons should have obliged them to attempt to preserve as long as possible the cordiality of official relations on the surface by repeated declarations of perfect confidence in the friendly and neighborly intentions of the Presidents, their governments, their authorities, by equally significant declarations that the United States government had really done its best to execute its international duties and to check filibuster expeditions, refugees, Cuban Juntas, and sympathizers, whenever called upon to do so by the Spanish legation and consulates. But why induce the Spanish nation to believe that the majority of the American people, all the educated classes of the great commonwealth beyond the seas, were indifferent to the course and the issue of the struggle in Cuba? Why tone down and affect to perceive no meaning in the many warnings received at Washington by the Spanish minister or sent in at the Madrid Foreign Office, verbally and in writing, by Mr. Hannis Taylor, and culminating in the notes of Secretary Olney and the message of President Cleveland? Finally, even more reserve was shown after President McKinley and Secretary Sherman took office, and the nation was not permitted to know anything of what the Spanish minister at Washington must necessarily have wired to Cánovas, Azcarraga, and the Duke of Tetuan long before General Woodford presented his credentials to Queen Christina at Miramar Palace, in San Sebastian, on September 13. So blindly was this lamentable system of ostrich policy persisted in that the Duke of Tetuan and the Madrid government at first went so far as to deny flatly that any unpleasant verbal communication had been made on September 18 at San Sebastian by General Woodford, in his interview of nearly three hours with the Spanish Minister of State and Señor Merry del Val, the latter acting as interpreter between the two. The same denial of facts was continued for some time after every foreign ambassador at the court of Madrid had sent to his government full data concerning what had passed in the above interview, and concerning the long note that General Woodford handed Duke Tetuan also at San Sebastian, on September 23, to place on official record what he had said on September 18, in virtue of the written instructions he had received from President McKinley. Nor has this note been published by the successor of Duke Tetuan, and instead it has been semi-officially stated that its contents need inspire no apprehension, and will be answered by the new Liberal government.

Is it surprising that a people thus treated should have been slow to awaken to a sense of the meaning of the attitude of the American government and of the American people? At the eleventh hour they cannot bring themselves to believe that both are in earnest and propose to do more than a weak attempt to interfere in the settlement of the Cuban question, failing which they would, like a practical and money-making race, be perfectly content with a treaty of commerce to draw closer the commercial relations of Cuba with the States. They are quite at a loss to believe that humanity and civilization, and not exclusively political aims and material interests, dictate the American aspiration for peace speedily restored in an island which will soon be of no use to Spanish rule or Cuban populations. They refuse to admit the supposition that their governments can listen for one moment to the contention of American diplomacy when it assumes that a day may come very soon when, all warnings, advice, proffered mediation, having been equally discarded, the United States will have to take the steps they may deem necessary for the establishment of complete and permanent peace in Cuba.

It is in difficult circumstances that the Liberal government has had to accept office. It cannot afford to ignore the present disposition of the majority of the nation. It cannot venture to attempt to suggest to them the acceptance of any American mediation, any understanding with the States, without exposing not only the cabinet, the Liberal party, but the monarchy and dynasty, to such a wave of public ire, fanned by the press and oppositions, as would sweep everything before it. It cannot dream of parleying too openly with the rebels themselves without incurring the risk of playing into the hands of its own opponents, the Conservatives, who will very shortly have in the person of the ambitious and unscrupulous Weyler a military leader, or of the Republicans and Carlists, which means revolution and civil war. Consequently, with their old experience of consummate trimmers, Sagasta and Moret have formed a docile cabinet, welded of thoroughgoing home-rulers like Gamazo and Maura, to pacify the Spanish party in Havana and the many Spaniards from highest to lowest who still have a patriotic dread of home-rule. These two able statesmen are now shaping their course with much foresight from a purely Spanish point of view. In the first place they have endeavored to show to Spain, America, and Europe that they are in earnest, and determined to fulfil the promises made when in opposition. Weyler has been removed and Blanco sent out as a pledge that the policy of the last years will be reversed in military and political matters, that conciliation and political action will be again resorted to, whilst the sending of 25,000 men for relief is intended to be a warning for the rebels not disposed to accept the advances of Spain.

These measures are in some sort the preliminaries of the colonial policy which Sagasta and Moret propose to carry out by successive stages as fast as the resistance of the irreconcilable part of the insurgents and the condition of the island will permit after so prolonged a struggle. This colonial policy will not give Cuba a parliament, a local reponsible government, political home-rule, similar to what England has given Canada, the Cape, and Australia. Hispano-Cuban home-rule will be an economic and administrative autonomy, with political autonomy hedged in restrictions destined to preserve the powers of the Governor-General, the right of the imperial government and parliament to interfere still powerfully and considerably in legislative, economic, tariff matters. It is styled the autonomy compatible with Spanish sovereignty and political and material interests. The promise held out of this autonomy, when the Cortes some day can complete it and the pacification of the island can allow its developments, coupled with the preliminary steps reputed to be sufficient guarantees of the sincerity of the Spanish government and people, is firmly considered sufficient also to entitle them, in the first place, to the submission of the Cuban separatists, and, in the second place, to more complete observance of the rules of international law on the part of the United States in regard to filibuster expeditions, Cuban Juntas, and sympathizers in American territory. The position taken up by the new Madrid government can safely be asserted to meet the warm support of most Spaniards. Indeed, they seem to think that having gone so far, it is for the United States to do what, in Sagasta's own words, would let the rebellion be crushed in six months by simply keeping hands off.

MADRID, *October 10, 1897.* ARTHUR HOUGHTON.

FRENCH ANNIVERSARIES.

WE are apt nowadays to comment on the wisdom of our ancestors in selecting one or another episode of American history for commemoration and holiday-making. The French are doing the same thing—at least, one distinguished Frenchman, Gaston Deschamps, has done so lately, in a thoughtful article criticising the propriety of making much of the Fourteenth of July and its taking of the Bastille. M. Deschamps points out the fact that the Bastille affair was largely taken in hand by foreign soldiery in Paris; that the old building was ingloriously and foolishly surrendered, not captured by assault; that the Parisians did not pay much heed to the event until as a matter of curiosity they visited the despoiled prison; and, last, that already a royal decree had been framed to destroy it. A monument to Louis XVI. was to have been erected on its site. Louis was heartily anxious to have the structure razed, and was dilatory in his share of the movement chiefly because of the inconveniences to the small shopkeepers hugging the walls. M. Deschamps urges that much worthier anniversaries for national French celebration would be the 5th of May, when the Estates-General were crowned, or September 22, when the Republic was proclaimed.

DR. NANSEN'S ARRIVAL.

DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN, the distinguished arctic explorer, reached New York on the *Lucania* on the 23d inst., to begin a tour which will extend through the principal cities of the United States and Canada.

As his photographs indicate, Dr. Nansen is a man of impressive appearance, but they cannot do more than suggest the effect produced by his heroic proportions. He is six feet two inches in height, with a proportionate breadth, and those who saw his stalwart figure were better able to understand how he could undergo with such apparent ease the hardships and privations of his journey "Farthest North."

His mastery of English is extraordinary, and he speaks it almost without accent. The fluency of his delivery, his faculty of verbal illustration, his collection of objects used during the voyage of the *Fram*, and of photographs illustrating arctic life, make his tour of the country an event not likely to be forgotten soon by Americans who are interested either in the scientific aspects or the romantic daring of his arctic travels.

The collection of articles exhibited at the Savoy Hotel, under the auspices of the American Geographical Society, has been inspected by throngs of visitors, who were chiefly interested apparently in articles of the doctor's personal wearing apparel, in the "kayak," or Esquimau boat, and the "skis" or snow-shoes, used by him. The kayak attracted special notice, having been made on the *Fram*, under his supervision. Its frame-work of bamboo renders it superior in lightness to the average boat of its class without detracting from its strength. With it is exhibited the sled on which it was transported—also a product of the factory on the *Fram*, and one which would do credit to the most expert of the native sled-makers.

The story that the clothing worn by Dr. Nansen while paddling the kayak has been sold to a museum in Paris for a thousand pounds sterling is disproved by the fact that the suit is now on exhibition in the United States with the other souvenirs of the voyage, though it is said that Dr. Nansen only admits with reluctance that he ever wore anything so shockingly untidy. It is, however, the identical suit he wore on his arrival at Cape Flora, and in which he was photographed for the picture printed in this number of the WEEKLY.

Of the photographs he brings with him perhaps none is more interesting to those who prefer the romantic to the scientific features of his travels than that which represents the result of a "snap-shot" taken with his camera on August 23, 1893, at a polar bear, just before the snap-shot from his rifle by which the bear was killed. It is believed that this is the only bear ever photographed in just that way, and amateur photographers in more temperate regions of the globe will be interested in knowing that it is a matter of great artistic importance not to make the exposure with the camera too long before using the rifle. In this particular case the bear was accommodating enough to pause on a hummock of ice he thought too high to descend rashly. The delay made the use of the camera possible without what under different circumstances might have been fatal results.

On his arrival in New York, Dr. Nansen was received by a committee of his Norwegian countrymen, who went out on the steamer *Favorite* to meet the *Lucania*, and accompanied him to his hotel. On the evening of the 23d inst. he was formally welcomed by the American Geographical Society, and the Cullum geographical medal was presented to him. After a torch-light procession, serenade, and reception on the evening of the 25th under the auspices of the Norwegian societies, he left for Washington, where he was entertained at dinner by Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, president of the Geographical Society, who presided at the reception held Tuesday evening at the Arlington. Dr. Nansen was then formally welcomed to Washington by a committee consisting of Vice-President Hobart, Secretary Sherman, and other distinguished representatives of the administration, assisted, among others, by Captain Schley and Commander Melville, whose own experience of subpolar conditions makes them all the more willing to honor Nansen.

The first New York lectures take place on the afternoon and evening of November 6, at the Metropolitan Opera-House. The change of programme, which gave the first lecture of the course to Philadelphia, was a result of the idea of his managers that the New York public might be more interested and instructed after the climax of the municipal canvass than before it. His principal engagements outside of New York are for Boston, on November 4; Albany, November 9; Montreal, November 11; Detroit, November 15; Chicago, November 17; St. Paul, November 20; and St. Louis, November 24, with lectures at other points on intermediate dates.

The reception at Philadelphia, October 29, was arranged by the American Philosophical Society, founded by Franklin, and said to be the oldest scientific society in America. A second Philadelphia reception was arranged by the Geographical Society.

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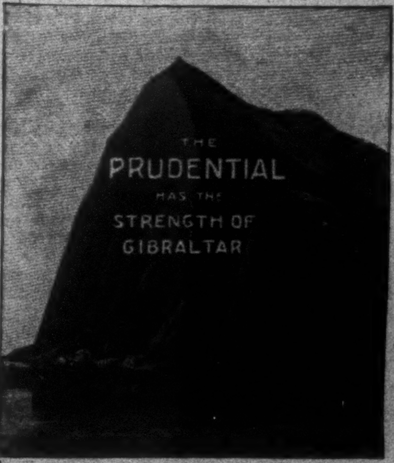

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LATHER.

GIFT OF ANTIQUE BRONZES TO THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.

To the already fine collection of antique bronzes at the Metropolitan Museum, New York, a very important addition has been recently made by the gift of Mr. Henry G. Marquand. It consists of figurini, articles of domestic use, one group, and one large statuette. Some are of Etruscan origin, the others Roman or Pompeian. But the restrictions imposed by the Italian government upon the exporting of antiques, and the secrecy which is therefore maintained concerning many recent discoveries, put great difficulty in the way of an accurate determination. Much of the data which would enable the experts to place these finds is not forth-coming, so that the authorities at the museum preserve for the present a reticence upon the subject.

Among the examples of Etruscan work they feel able to include the curious caricature, the head of the Indian Bacchus, some bodkins, and the mirrors. The caricature (about two inches high) is of an old man with a wart on the end of his nose and on each cheek, and a horn growing out of his head. It might suggest some comic character in a play, except that the old actors always wore masks. One may regard it probably as just a *jeu d'esprit* of some sculptor with more of rough humor than refinement. The head next to it (about the same size) bears the characteristics associated with the Indian conception of Bacchus as the bearded conqueror who pushed his bloodless victories into the East—a myth which no doubt reverses the genesis of the god, whose worship really travelled from the East westward. The arrangement around the head, which has the appearance of the rim of a straw hat, seems to be a formal treatment of the locks of hair.

The mirrors are distinctively Etruscan, executed by Greek artists, or at least decorated with Greek motives. The surface of each is engraved with borders and figures. To the latter are appended Greek names in Etruscan script, which reads from right to left. In the case of the one with the thin handle the graved work is in excellent preservation. The names of the figures are the Etruscan equivalents of Helen, Aphrodite, and Alexander (Paris), and the subject represents the goddess encouraging the intimacy of the two lovers. Other articles of domestic use are two vase handles, about seven inches high, which, with a face at the base and a bird perched upon the top, recall some in the museum at Naples. Very similar also in character to a jug in the same museum is the gourd-shaped jug in this collection. The handle is almost identical in design, with a double curve to accommodate the palm of the hand, and a projection for the thumb to rest against. Moreover, each has two ridges starting from the rim at the junction of the handle, and merging into the curve of the back. The one at Naples is decorated with goats, so that it is conjectured its use was for milk, and it is entered in the catalogue as a "milk-jug." We might extend the same conjecture to this one.

The figurini vary in height from about seven to nine inches. That of a lady in Roman costume, the stola and pallium, recalls one of the little terra-cotta figures of Tanagra. The pose, from every point, is pliant and graceful; the expression of the face exquisitely refined; the drapery extraordinarily delicate; while the voluminous folds in some parts, and the limbs softly showing beneath the tenuous fabric in others, present a charming distribution of contrasts. The Venus—perhaps a replica of some larger statue, as very likely the rest of the figurini are—shows carelessness of proportion, the hands and feet, for example, being noticeably too big. A beautiful fragment is vaguely described as "of the Apollo type." Another figure is evidently of Mercury. It has the winged sandals (talaria), the winged cap, and the lion's skin which he filched from Hercules. He is no doubt resting after one of his mischievous escapades. From the pose one might conjecture that the figure was copied from some statue in which a support was introduced beneath the left arm and a stone under the right foot.

There is an exquisite little head of Athene, about three inches high, and a delightfully frank and joyous figure of "Eros." The little winged god has just touched earth from a flight or bound. The left leg is still poised behind, and forms a most exhilarating line of energy with the outstretched arm. The other arm, holding a sort of stalk, continues the beautiful curve of the right leg. Small as the figure is, it thrills with buoyancy, grace, and spontaneity. One suspects that whatever was held in the left hand led the eye up to the top of the stem, which possibly terminated in a calyx-shaped lamp.

The illustration does not do justice to the very beautiful statuette, nearly four feet high, of the little Geta. This prince, who, at the age of eighteen, was, like his brother Caracalla, invested with the imperial purple during the lifetime of his father Severus, and afterwards was murdered by his brother, differed from both in character. He was noted for the sweetness of his disposition, and the boy here depicted is indeed father to the man; and the sculptor must have loved him, for nothing sweeter or more fascinatingly childlike could be imagined. He is represented as about eight years old, and the face is beautiful in its happy, innocent expression, with loving eyes, and lips that ripple with laughter. The pose is simple and elastic, the limbs robustly soft, the fingers dainty, and the folds of the tunic graceful and artless. Over each shoulder and following down a fold of the drapery, back and front, is a narrow band of metal superlaid, apparently for the purpose of covering the seam where the arms have been joined on to the body.

The group representing Cybele, the Great Mother, on a triumphal car drawn by lionesses is a magnificent specimen of Roman art. The camera has distorted the proportions, making the animals entirely out of scale with the rest, whereas in the original the whole is composed with a balance that gives each part its due significance. Cybele, as usual, is represented with a turreted crown upon her head, a patera in one hand and a tympanum in the other, and drawn by the animals that, as well as leopards, were held sacred to her. The chariot, with its four wheels and raised floor, is of very unusual design. Arabesque ornament of beautiful design is engraved upon the surfaces of the car and chair. The details throughout are exquisite, and for the most part have escaped the ravages of time. The aspect of the goddess is dignified and benign, her form noble, and the drapery disposed with richness and delicacy. The lionesses are wonderfully modelled, the manes most truthfully rendered, and the smooth portions graved to represent the growth of hair in a manner that is not only painstaking and accurate, but very decorative. Until photography succeeds in reproducing color, it can do little more than hint at the beauty of antique bronzes.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

WILHELM THE ONLY—HIS SPEECH.

(TRANSLATED FROM A GERMAN MEMORANDUM FOUND IN THE EMPEROR'S PERSONAL WASTE-BASKET. THE ORIGINAL HAS BEEN PRESENTED BY THE FINDER TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

Oh me!
Oh my!
And likewise I!!
Sit still, ye churls, whilst I orate—
Me, I, Myself, the Throne, the State.
I am the Earth, the Moon, the Sun,
All rolled in one!
Both hemispheres am I—
Oh my!
If there were three, the three
I'd be.
I am the Dipper, Night and Day,
The North and Southern Poles, the Milky Way;
I'm they that walk, or fly on wing,
Or swim, or creep—I'm everything!
It makes me tremble like the aspen-tree
To think I'm me.
And blink like stars up in the sky
To think I'm I.
And shrink in terror like a frightened elf
To realize that I'm Myself.
Ye blithering slaves beneath my iron heel,
What know ye of the things I feel?
Didst ever wake at dead of night
And stand in awe of thine own might?
God took six days to make the land and sea,
But centuries were passed in making me.
The universe? An easy task; but I—
Oh my!
I can't describe myself. Why, take
The speech the ancient peoples spake,
And then again take every tongue
By moderns spoken, writ, or sung;
And every tongue that is to be
Mix in with these—you cannot picture me.
So do not try, ignoble worms, to grasp
A greatness that can only make you gasp;
But look, and silence keep, unless some whim
Compels an utterance, then whisper, "Him!"—
An awesome "Him!"
Whilst I for evermore content will be
With "Me"—
The simple yet majestic pronoun "Me!"

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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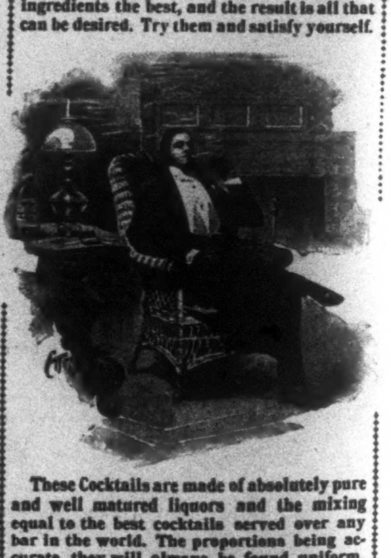

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AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, which he has undertaken for Harper's Weekly. Proceeding overland to San Francisco and Vancouver, on his way across the continent, he has gathered material for a series of articles on sport in the West. From Vancouver he sailed for Siam, touching at Japan and China. In Siam Mr. Whitney will penetrate into the interior, which is one of the least-known lands in the world. His main purpose there will be to hunt big game, Siam being richer in varieties of the larger wild animals than either Africa or India. After this hunt Mr. Whitney will proceed to Europe, and will there prepare a series of articles on sport in France, Germany, and England.

During Mr. Whitney's absence this Department will publish contributions from Mr. Walter Camp, Mr. John Corbin, and other well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.

THREE-BALL MATCHES.

The most interesting event in recent British golf has been the lowering of the record for the St. Andrews links by Willie Auchterlonie, the ex-champion. The score to which he has now reduced this record is 71, being a stroke below the previous 72, which had been scored both by Mr. F. G. Tait and by Andrew Kirkaldy. This score of Auchterlonie's was done on the left-hand course. For the enlightenment of those unfortunate ones to whom St. Andrews is not familiar, it may be explained that it is the practice there to play the course alternately by fortnights at a time. For a fortnight we will go out on the right-hand side of the course and come home on the left—the first hole of one fortnight becoming the seventeenth hole of the next—and *vice versa*. It is an excellent plan, giving much relief to the course by changing the places from which the approach strokes—the most trying and wearing of all for the green—are habitually played, and giving variety to the golfer by presenting him with practically a new course. The plan is worthy of mention no less in its immediate connection with Auchterlonie's record-breaking score than as affording a suggestion to the green committees of other clubs of a manner of giving their courses relief and their players variety. In its connection with Auchterlonie's achievement it is only fair to say that this course on the left hand is generally considered just a trifle easier than the other. Moreover, when Auchterlonie was playing, the high hole coming in was on the lower ground to the left of the Shelly bunker. This is a common alteration of the course, which will explain its own effects to those who know the green. For those who do not know it, it is enough to say that it is a change of the hole from a green most perilously guarded to one which is scarcely guarded at all. Also, some of the tees were a little advanced from their positions on the medal days, and on the whole the course was a trifle easier than when laid out at its full length for medal play. We doubt, however, whether it was at this full length and manner of arrangement when either Mr. Tait or Andrew Kirkaldy scored 72, and for the record score at full stretch of the holes it appears that we still have to go back to the 73 scored by the late Hugh Kirkaldy. It is true that the course is so seldom quite at full length and difficulty that this score is comparatively seldom challenged under the same conditions, in spite of the immense amount of play that goes on over the classic green; and, in any case, Auchterlonie's score is not only a record of marvellous play, but must, at any rate, be considered as a record for the St. Andrews course under any conditions that have prevailed since that far-back time when the course only went out to the length of six holes.

Willie Auchterlonie made his record score in playing a three-ball match—one of the players, by the way, being Mr. Crockett, the novelist—and it is interesting to note in this connection that very good, and in many cases record-breaking, scores have very often been returned by a first-class player while fighting the "best ball," as we ungrammatically call it, of two others. "The best ball of other two" is the Scottish, and therefore, we may suppose, the *golfic* correct way of stating the conditions. Mr. Tait, we believe, has made many of his fine returns on the St. Andrews green while playing a match of this nature, and likewise Andrew Kirkaldy, while, if it is allowable to speak of one's personal performances at all, the writer may say that more than one of his own best scores have been done under these conditions. The reason is not really very far to seek. In ordinary matches, if one player be quite at the top of his game, and if he be also in that happy vein of luck in which everything is "coming off" for him—both which conditions are essential for anything like a record score—it is seldom that a single opponent will be found in the similarly exceptional circumstances in which he would need to find himself in order to make the match equal. Usually when the one man is playing transcendently well he will have the other virtually beaten a long way from home. It then becomes very difficult for him to maintain his form, having nothing to play against, and accordingly his play is apt to drift off into comparative inaccuracy, and the promise of an exceptional score to be ruined. But in playing the better of two other balls, where the lower score of the combined players counts at each hole against the single score of him who stands alone, then the single man is almost sure to have something to play against—something to challenge his skill, however great it may be. Likely enough he may be many holes up; but two players can endure the stress of being many holes down better than one. Each keeps up the other's spirits, and though the issue of the whole match may perhaps be virtually settled while a number of holes still remain to be played, yet at each of these holes individually the combined forces are likely to challenge the single player's skill shrewdly enough, and keep his play up to the high level at which he started it. It is harder to demoralize two players than one, and the spur of necessity for high endeavor is constantly applied.

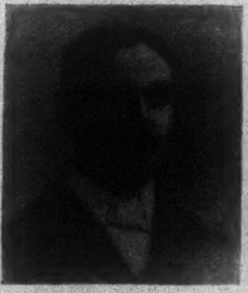
This, we may probably take it, is the explanation of the fact, which is altogether beyond question, that more good scores are made in three-ball matches, and especially when one is playing the "best ball of other two," than under any other conditions. And to say this is to say much in favor of this mode of match-making. Some players have an especial objection to three-ball matches—deeming that the third person gets in the way of the two others, that it is a bore waiting while the third man plays, and so on—but these objectors are in a minority. The majority have an affection for the three-ball match, believing that it brings more variety into the game—for in a three-ball match, wherein all are engaged against all, each man is playing two matches at the same time; one opponent may play either so well or so badly at a particular hole that there is virtually no fight for it, but there is always the other opponent to give him a fight when the first fails. Also, there is the pleasure of seeing twice as many strokes (apart from your own) as you would see in a single match; and that there is a pleasure in watching strokes is hard to deny in face of the large galleries that attend good golf games. It is less realized that there is pleasure in watching the strokes of an opponent in one's own match, but a moment's reflection must show that the pleasure is there, subconsciously, though one's absorption in one's own game prevents one's full appreciation of this source of pleasure. That it is a pleasure to see an opponent make a bad shot is a proposition that needs no argument to prove it true.

Many players who have a liking for three-ball matches in practice are rather inclined to condemn them in theory—especially when there are many players on the links—as being likely to "block the green." This blocking of the green by the three-ball match, however, is a fiction and a bogie rather than a reality. In the first place, observe what an odd man does if you do not take him into a match: he goes and takes out a professional, and so makes yet another couple to further congest the already congested green. Three men, each playing a ball, will no doubt take longer than two, other things being equal; but other things are not equal. The pace of golf on a congested green is always determined, as if it were a cavalry charge, by the pace of the slowest match. It is very improbable that the pace of our supposed three-ball match, granting the players to be fairly good, will be as slow as the slowest match out. Therefore it is probable that it will go at least as fast as the ordinary pace at which the whole green is moving. In practice, moreover, we do not find that a three-ball match is apt to go slower than a foursome. There is more time spent in actual playing of the strokes, no doubt, but, on the other hand, there is not so much time spent in chat by the way, in consultation over doubtful putts and dangerous strokes. Each player goes on his own line unaccompanied, and each, moreover, is playing under the consciousness that the rule permits the party, not being a three-ball match, behind to pass him without mercy. It is this last proviso that is really the safety of the green from any infliction by a three-ball match, and it ought to be the sufficient argument for those who wish to play one to sally forth and do so. If they go slow and keep people back, they may be passed. If they do not go slow, whom do they injure?

This seems to be the reasonable position and pretension of the three-ball match. It justifies itself either by its speed or its annihilation; but there is something to be said in favor of dealing out to the three-ball match a little more mercy than the strict law allows it. If a three-ball match be really travelling slowly, so as to be an impediment to the progress of the general body of players, and be not well up with the party in front again, then it is not only the privilege but also the duty of those behind to pass, in justice to the parties behind them again. But if, on the other hand, the three-ball match be well up with the players ahead, so that the party behind would gain only the pitiful advantage of passing this one match if they exercised their legal rights, in this case it seems more in accordance with common humanity, as it is in accordance with common golfing etiquette, to let the three-ball match pursue its unoffending, if illegal, life in peace.

Some day, remember, you may wish to play a three-ball match yourself, and then, if you treat as Ishmaelites the party of three that is in front of you to-day, you will have no right to grumble if they visit you with similar outlawry when they find you engaged ahead of them in a three-ball encounter.

Horace G. Hutchinson.



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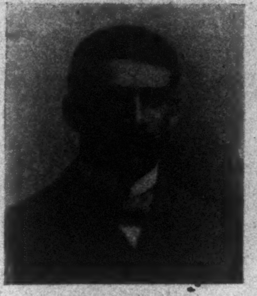
GLENN S. WARNER, Cornell.

FRANK S. BUTTERWORTH, Yale.

CAMERON FORBES, Harvard.

WALLACE S. MOYLE, Brown.

W. C. WURTENBERG, Dartmouth.



PAUL J. DASHIELL, Annapolis.

HARMON S. GRAVES, West Point.

W. T. BULL, Carlisle.

PROMINENT FOOTBALL COACHES.

GOLF NOTES.

The foreign-bred players have made their presence felt in two of the important open meetings of the past weeks. The contest for the St. Andrews cup really lay between Findlay Douglas and W. G. Stewart, although Menzies was Douglas's opponent in the actual finals. If Douglas had the leisure for regular and continuous practice, he would be easily at the very top of the Eastern tree. It would be a golfing event if he and Whigham could meet again on the links this season. The champion beat him rather easily at Chicago, but there are many who think that the young Fairfield County golfer has still his best game to show.

Stewart, the English player, has at last rounded into top form, as is shown by his taking the medal for the lowest qualifying score at St. Andrews and by his easy win for the Queens County cup. He also won the gold medal of the opening day at Morristown this week, his second round of 79 being particularly creditable in view of the fact that the course was entirely new to him. The putting-greens, moreover, were in poor condition, lumpy and fast. It is fortunate for our American golf to have such examples of first-class work upon which to form our standards. It is just the stimulus that our tennis lacked so sorely and for so long.

It is hardly worth while to mourn over the cups that have passed into the possession of Whigham and his fellow-countrymen, for there seems to be an unending supply of the article in question. At the Queens County tournament there were cups galore and for everybody. There were three for classes A, B, and C at match play, one for the Bogie competition, and one for the handicap. It is all very well to be generous, and a big entry-list makes for the credit of the club, but such an array of sideboard ware only serves to emphasize our national weakness for overdoing a good thing. A consolation prize means something, but a cup that serves only for the exploitation of dufferism has no reason for existence.

The Green Committee of a well-known club has decided that in future the scores made in the monthly handicaps shall not be given out for publication. The idea seems to be that the golf played in club competitions is to be considered as a private amusement, and not as a recognized sport regarding which the public has a right to be informed. Well, the printed figures are inclined to be brutal in their uncompromising directness, and they tell absolutely nothing about the hard luck which is so large an ingredient in any card over the century mark. And surely a man's golf is his own property. His game is his stock in trade, and his scores are the quotations that from time to time may be made upon it. He is, there-

fore, entitled to protection from the possible effects of popular depreciation. Precisely; only golf is a sport and not a business, and least of all that kind of business that masquerades under the name of sport.

In this connection it is interesting to note that at the final handicap of the Queens County meeting there were but thirty-three cards returned out of ninety-six starters. This sort of thing was much in evidence last season, but most of the clubs have now a rule in force under which a player who fails to make a return has his handicap reduced, or even taken away entirely. Of course the various green committees have no jurisdiction over any open event at medal play. It is hardly necessary to credit the delinquents at Glen Cove with any sinister motive on account of their failure to hand in their scores. Golfers are but men, and vanity is a very human weakness. A player who makes a creditable score in an open competition is not likely to let it go unrecorded for fear of the remote possibility that his home green committee may seize upon it as a pretext for reducing his allowance in the club handicaps. In the great majority of cases it is the indifferent and very bad score that the player would have buried deeper than ever plummet sounded. There are some features, however, of these "farewell" handicap events that invite criticism. It is a common practice for men belonging to several clubs to enter from the one giving them the highest handicap. They are in the game entirely for what there is in it, and the spectacle is not an edifying one. A golfer should have one club for which he elects to play, and he should be always rated according to that one standard. There is also too much of the junketing element in this sort of wind-up to a regular cup tournament. It comes as an anticlimax to the real business of the meeting, its outcome is usually of no significance whatever, and it gives undue encouragement to the mug-hunter, and to the frivolous-minded persons who look upon golf as a mere amusement for an idle afternoon. The Morris County club acted wisely in omitting this useless fixture from its list of events, and the substitution of a team contest in its place was a happy idea.

W. G. van T. S.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

Mr. Moyle's men from Brown simply smothered Yale's ends last Wednesday. It was but one more example of modern method against the simple straight running game. A mass on the tackle, swinging either way, but most effective when warped out, letting the runner circle the end, tells the whole story of how Brown carried the ball three times over the Yale goal-line; and, had she converted all the touch-downs into goals, she would have tied Yale at eighteen points. In commenting two weeks ago upon the remarkable work performed by Mr. Moyle with the Brown team and Mr. Graves with West Point, I hardly expected them to make so good the statement within a few days of each other. Harvard barely beat the cadets ten points, and Yale could only get four points ahead of Brown. I am sorry that the West Point men are not using the modern masses, because if they had been they would have held Harvard as closely as Brown did Yale. As it is they will give Yale a bad time of it on the 30th, and with a few mass plays would stand a fair chance of attaining the acme of their desires in actually downing one of the big four.

Every week in the football season contains one or more surprises, and every year has in it one tremendous upset of some team's confidence. The annual upset was, a few years ago, the defeat of Princeton by Pennsylvania. Then two years ago the defeat of Harvard by Princeton, when almost every one had assumed that Harvard was the better of the two. Last year it was Lafayette that gave us the unexpected by defeating Pennsylvania. Whose turn will it be this year? The surprise of the week was undoubtedly the Yale-Brown game, and it deserves more than a passing mention. Brown attempted her mass formation once and bungled it. The next time, however, it came off, and away went the runner over several of the white streaks. Then shortly again, this time inside at the guards opening, and the runner was only stopped from behind, after dodging the last man, because Yale had had the good judgment to keep one fast man who could follow. Almost before they knew it, however, the machine was in operation again, and Brown was over the Yale line for the first touch-down. The kick at goal was an inexcusable failure, for it was not a difficult one. Brown was too contented at having scored to mind it much.

Then Yale, under the driving cheer of the bleachers, which crackled over her head, set bravely to work, and with irresistible banging straight plays of the simplest order jammed her way down the field to a touch-down, which the accurate Cadwalader made into six points. And again they went at it furiously, Brown having almost no chance at the ball, and the score was 12 to 4. Brown then began to see that the Yale play was simple, though of the whirlwind order, so she took heart, and gathering confidence, began to make her own plays felt once more. The Yale ends were obliterated—in fact, so entirely submerged that even on straight following up of McBride's kicks they allowed the Brown backs to double them, and the score was speedily 12 to 8. Then Yale, desperate under the sting of the disgrace, came up and hammered out another six points. It was well for her that she did, for Brown, without change of tactics, sailed serenely up and across the field. Circling the Yale end again, Brown swung over to the eastern side-line with another gain, and then back from the edge once more on the next play, landing the ball behind Yale's goal, leaving the final score 18 to 14, or a victory for Cadwalader over the Brown goal-kicker—no more.

Yale's defence is a thing of the past. There was a time, three or four years ago, when to get into Yale's goal was like treading upon sacred ground, but now the feet of many men from all the universities that play football may trot unconcernedly over the line. Does Yale realize the seriousness of the situation? Her name is becoming no longer one to conjure with in matters athletic, and in football her fall has been almost headlong in the last three years. It is no disgrace to be beaten. It is better for the sport of football that other teams shall win. But it is not good for the sport, not good for Yale, not good for the young men at that university, that defeat shall overwhelm them, as it must in November unless the defence is strengthened. It is not good that what ought to be a match may become a spectacle. The gravity of the case does not impress the college as it ought. There are too few interested, and those that are interested do not stop to reason out the situation. When a team's defence is gone it takes long hard work to rebuild it. Every team coming to a big game selects from its category of fifty or so plays a dozen that are really strong, and perfects these. That is the offensive—to perfect a dozen plays. But the defensive means to prepare to meet a possible fifty plays, because it is impossible to know what particular dozen plays the opponents may select. Hence the greater time and labor necessary on the defence. Then the defence requires a strong, able, well-organized second eleven. Yale has hardly this. Her men are playing a dashing plucky game, and they did not waver when Brown kept scoring. They kept scoring too, and with delicious abandon. It is not that they were not up to and even beyond their opponents in offensive effort, but it was not directed anything like as well, and their defence did not exist.

Of Harvard and Yale, the former is still leading, especially in the defensive department. Yale shuts up like a beaten horse when driven down hard, but shows on the offensive an entirely different spirit in adversity. Both teams have a fancy for end runs. Harvard sends Cabot around the opposite end, while Yale relies upon her halves, Kiefer and Corwin especially, for end runs. The plays will not come off against a first-class team, save in a different way and with far heavier interference than either team is giving to them at present. Harvard is using some small wedge plays at centre with fair effectiveness, and her guards back and tackles back are more up-to-date work. These plays are worth working over and developing, for they can carry weight when the test comes. What they lack in brilliancy, in comparison with the others, they make up in practical utility, and they will be the ones that are worth having in the list when the real time comes. Yale begins to see that Harvard's line is a heavy one, that heavy ends will be a treasure on the 13th of November, and is beginning to think more rationally of the exact task ahead.

At this writing Princeton and Pennsylvania form a class by themselves. There is no team that can reach that class until it has in its category of plays those that carry heavy interference and carry it at high speed. With this interference the guard or tackle openings may be assaulted or a well-protected runner shot out around the end. The formation of this style of interference takes time for its mastery. Both Princeton and Pennsylvania made use of it last season, and hence are in an advanced position to-day. Brown has taken it up, and is using it with good results. Other teams must learn it and practise it if they wish to make the most out of the game under the present rules. Neither Harvard nor Yale is as yet up to it, although the former is making attempts that promise some success. I say attempts advisedly, because, while some of the formations are good, the interference is not sufficiently speeded up to make it effective. If the Harvard coaches doubt this, let them take a trip to Philadelphia and be convinced. I doubt very much if the Harvard defence would stand against Pennsylvania just now; certainly Yale's would not. In this respect there must be more marked improvement at the two New England universities or trouble will come. Yale is likely, after her Brown experience, to take up plays where the interference consists of more than three men. It is simply a human impossibility to perfect heavy mass interference in a period of two or three weeks. It takes months of care and attention to get the men into place, to get them moving together, and finally, and of vital importance in the success of the plays, to get them moving fast.

This week Pennsylvania certainly deserves the palm for progress. Her team has come along more rapidly than any of the others, and is really close to championship form. Her preliminary season of practice and training may be in a measure responsible for this, and it may be difficult to keep the men on edge until the Harvard game. But the schedule is adapted for just such an exigency, and owing to the many objections advanced to summer training, the Pennsylvania authorities will be especially upon the alert to guard against any such disaster. That the team is playing very advanced football is beyond question. The interference is quick to form, gathers headway rapidly, and strikes hard. It is not yet as compact as it should be, but is 'way ahead of that of any other team save perhaps Princeton. Even here Pennsylvania has made the better progress of late, and would be a match for the Tigers in any point save the kicking department. In this, with her three good men, Baird, Wheeler, and Ayres, Princeton would have the advantage.

Having wiped out the Lafayette disgrace of last year there is likelihood of the Philadelphians dropping their fast pace. It would not be a bad thing for the Pennsylvania team if it had a Princeton game in anticipation. It has beaten Harvard with such positive regularity, although not badly, that there is a spirit of certainty of the result permeating the team. This is essentially antagonistic to development. It is a something that only an unusual game in prospect, like one with Princeton, can cure. The every-day do-or-die feeling wears off, but if the orange and black banner of Princeton could be shaken in their faces occasionally, it would make a world of difference. It is a little like the boating situation at Yale until Cornell shook it up a trifle. There has been too much winning for the good of the sport, and it needs the spice of uncertainty to stir up the real energies of all.

Many of the old men have become coaches, and have thus added greatly to the development of the play. In fact, the real progress of this sport in our country is largely due to the coaching principle, and the men acting as coaches so stamp their character upon the play of their charges that one can almost tell the school of a player from the way he handles himself upon the field.

Among our present-day coaches in active work this fall there are some of the best examples of the ability to think out and teach the play. Mr. George Woodruff, of the University of Pennsylvania, is among the first. His position as a player was that of guard at Yale. He is original, enthusiastic in the extreme, and fertile in invention. Mr. Alexander Moffat, of Princeton, was, as a player, behind the line. He was an ideal kicker, and is able to impart his skill to others. He differs from Mr. Woodruff in that his enthusiasm is directed more to the result than to the method. Mr. Forbes of Harvard is a more recent acquisition to the ranks of football coaches. He was a player, though not a 'varsity one. His coaching of Freshmen teams has been exceptionally successful. He is of the painstaking, persistent type that attains its end by thoroughness. Mr. Butterworth of Yale was a brilliant full-back not so long ago. As a coach he leads his men up to a personal devotion to him and a forgetfulness of self that are remarkable. His beliefs are in the line of regular plays executed with irresistible dash.

Mr. Graves of West Point was a half-back. He played both at Trinity and Yale. He is to-day one of the best all-round coaches that ever crossed the gridiron. He is especially strong in his ability to stop up the weak points and secure a general even development. Mr. Warner of Cornell has the credit of bringing his team up far beyond their last year's form. The work of Mr. Moyle of Brown, formerly an end at New Haven, I have already mentioned. He is especially able in the development of double passes and manœuvres eventuating in end runs. Mr. Bull of the Carlisle Indians was a full-back at Yale and a magnificent drop-kicker. He has put the added kicking ability into the Carlisle eleven that they so lacked last year. Mr. Davis of Lafayette, an old Princeton player, taught his team to such good effect as to secure a victory last season from Pennsylvania. Mr. Stagg of the University of Chicago, an end rusher in his day at Yale, has done much to develop strategic play in the Middle West; while throughout the country are scattered the more recent graduates of the big football colleges instilling into the minds of their willing pupils the art of making touch-downs and goals. Mr. Paul Dashiell is better known as an umpire than as a coach, but he was a brilliant half-back in his day at Lehigh, and has done much for the game at Annapolis. Among men who have never been players, but who have done much for the strategic possibilities of the sport, Mr. Deland of Boston is easily the most prominent. Until his advent the game lacked a strong feature of combined assault, which he made practicable.

The Carlisle Indians have demonstrated conclusively that they are better than last season. It is true that their scores have not been as sensational as they were in 1896, when they played a half against Princeton which was of the traditional "hair-raising" quality, a game against Yale with the final score of 12 to 6, and a match with Harvard when the crimson scored but once. This year Princeton rolled up nearly as many as last year, Yale scored twice as many, and Harvard has not been played. But the style of the Indians' play is much more rounded out. The kicking game, which last season they seemed to ignore as far as possible, and, when forced to it, to execute poorly, is this year one of their strongest points. Hudson's drop from near the 30-yard line in the Yale game was one that recalled vividly Mr. Bull's own playing days. The Indian is a born tackler, and, like the bulldog, he never lets go. He is much more mercurial in football than his brother the pale-face. His depression when losing ground is extreme, and his elation correspondingly high when his team gains some especial advantage. The pleasure and pride which the New York audience takes in the Carlisle team are well deserved. It is the people's favorite, and is always sure of the warmest kind of a welcome. Yale's game showed an improvement in defensive play, but in offence her attempts to duplicate Brown's tackle and end over were rather crude.

Princeton found herself a party to a considerable contract when she met the Cornell team at Ithaca Saturday. Until the game at Easton with Lafayette, Cornell was an unknown quantity. It was understood, in the way that football rumor circulates from coach to coach throughout the country, that Cornell was much more fancied by her own people this year than last. That certain methods of defence and offence had been adopted, held fast to, and developed until the team thoroughly understood and believed in them. But until that first half of the Lafayette game there were many sceptics who thought that the Cornell coaches were flattering themselves unduly. But when the day of trial came Cornell stood up to every belief, and Princeton, the best team of last year's season, the most aggressive driving eleven of 1897, with the possible exception of Pennsylvania, found it all an afternoon's work to score ten points upon the Ithacans. The defence of Cornell was remarkably well-conceived, and was executed with a vigor that made it doubly effective, while her running game had more real force in it than since the days when Osgood made Harvard's team stand on end at Springfield. Besides, this year it does not depend upon one man. Wheeler was the bright particular star of Princeton's team, and he might well be that on any team past or present.

The other games of Saturday had been discounted in football calculations long ago. That Pennsylvania was about to administer a crushing punishment to Lafayette for her unholy aspiration and success of a year ago was in the air everywhere; even the coaches and best friends of Lafayette knew that the whipping was due and the date at hand. And Pennsylvania did not stay her hand. Lafayette was far weaker than last year—somewhat due to injuries, it is true—and Pennsylvania was far better. The Pennsylvania offence showed itself the strongest of the year. The Harvard-Brown game was also a foregone conclusion, especially so when it was settled that Fultz could not play. With his loss went much of the hope that Brown adherents had of scoring. Gammons is good, but without his side partner half his game is lost. Harvard exhibited a considerable advance in the steadiness of her defence when actually driven to the work.

Walter Camp.

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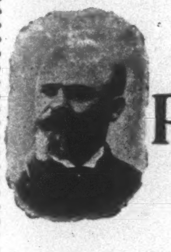

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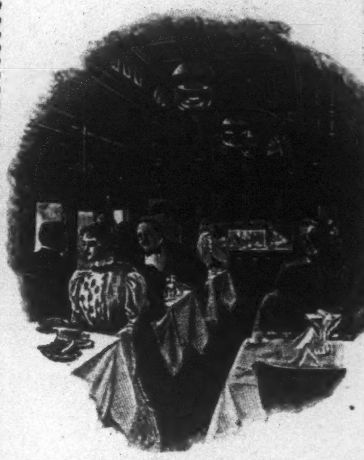

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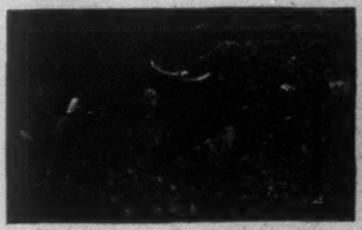

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